

WORK AND WIN.

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FRED FEARNOT'S BIG DAY;

OR,

Harvard and Yale at New Era.

By HAL STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

FRED FEARNOT'S PROPOSITION TO YALE AND HARVARD.

One day Fred Fearnot received a letter from a friend of his at New Haven, Connecticut, informing him that committees from Yale and Harvard colleges were trying to decide upon a locality for a great inter-collegiate boat-race, and that if it should be held at New Haven he would expect him to visit there, and in that case to be his guest.

After reading the letter, he spread it out on his desk, gazed at it, and for several minutes seemed to be lost in a deep study. Whether it was what is familiarly called a

"brown study" or not, doesn't matter, but he was thinking, and thinking hard. He knew what a boat-race between these two colleges meant. It meant thousands and thousands of college men from all over the United States coming together at the place wherever the race was held.

Not only the old college men, but lovers of sport who never saw the inside of a college would be there.

He gazed at the letter as one trying to solve some great problem and for fully ten minutes sat like a statue.

"Say, Fred, have you got it?" Dick Duncan asked.

"Got what?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. You seemed to be in some sort of a deep, off-color study, whilst we fellows are

anything here with nothing even to think about, much less to talk about."

"Well, let's hear you talk about this thing," and he passed the letter over to him.

It was simply a private letter from an old friend.

Dick read it over carefully, then looked at Fred, who motioned to Terry to take the letter and read it.

Joe was not in the office at the time.

Terry also read it, and when he did so, passed it back to Fred with the simple query:

"Well?"

"Say, boys, I'm going to try to have that boat-race on our lake here."

The announcement completely electrified Dick and Terry, for both of them fairly leaped out of their seats.

"Great Scott!" Terry ejaculated. "It would bring fifty thousand people to New Era."

"Of course it would, and after that a boat-race by other colleges would never be held anywhere else, for I claim that the lake here is the best sheet of water for that sort of sport to be found anywhere in the State."

"Yes, or in the United States," put in Dick.

"And what is more," added Terry, "one can have an uninterrupted view of the entire course from any point between the bridge and the dam, which can't be said of any other sheet of water."

"Yes, and it is accessible, too, and if the race is once held here others will follow."

"Well, you'd better get to work, for they've got to decide on a locality within the next week or ten days."

"I know that, and I'll pack up my grip, and hunt up that committee, get them together, and do my level best to have them make New Era their choice. We can afford to give the two crews free board and lodging while they are up here to practice."

"Of course we can," said Terry, "for it will be the biggest thing that New Era has ever had."

"I don't see why we couldn't make a gala week of it; have special horse racing for one day, ball games the second, the great boat race on the third and other things to follow on the fourth and fifth. Of course the biggest crowd will be here on the day of the boat race, but all those who can find accommodations would stay out the rest of the week."

"Yes, but how the deuce will we take care of such a crowd?"

"Say, have you ever seen all the crowd taken care of at any of those boat races at New Haven or at New London, or anywhere else? Thousands of them have to go out to other towns or return home in the evening. There isn't another

town of the size of New Era in the United States that can take care of more people than we can. Of course we couldn't lodge the half of them; hardly the fourth, but we can feed them all. What Quinn doesn't know about feeding a big crowd, no man does. We could have a big barbecue and have the table stretched inside the fair grounds, where only the graduates of both colleges can be fed and have a general jollification."

"Well, I don't know that that would be exactly the fair thing, Fred," said Terry. "Thousands of others would want to partake of the feast, too. It won't do to show any special favors, you know."

"Oh, special favors are shown on all occasions! If there was a great conclave of any secret order only the members would be admitted."

"Then we'd better prepare a feast for the outside mob, and let every man pay a certain price."

"Well, but we'd have to have it inside an inclosure of some kind, or the table would be mobbed by people who wouldn't pay."

"Say, what's the matter with having the college boys dine inside the arena of the Wild West Show? The animals are all kept in separate inclosures, you know."

"Great Scott! That's the idea. But as the fair grounds are over on the east side, the two places would be five or six miles apart, and we'd have to have two barbecues instead of one."

"That's all right. It would be such a big day that we could afford to do things on a big scale."

"Of course we can. Over at the fair grounds the mob would have to pay at the gate to go in."

"Well, they'd have to do it at the other place, too, for it would cost a lot of money."

"No; the New Era Company must feed the college men as their guests, with their wives and families. All the seats are sheltered, and we could have a great reunion of both colleges: the Harvards on one side and the Yales on the other."

"Great Scott! How the scheme grows," laughed Terry.

"Yes, and it will keep on growing, and before it culminates it will be the tallest mountain we ever tried to look on the top of."

"Well, look out now," laughed Fred. "We are not sure that we can get them here yet."

"That's all right," returned Terry. "You want to devise a plan that you can speak of to the committee, and let all the old college men know what they may expect."

"Oh, we'll issue a programme weeks before it comes off, so that everybody between the two oceans will know what is going to happen."

"Say, we ought to have Joe's opinion about this matter," suggested Dick Duncan.

"Great Scott! Joe doesn't care a cent what we do," laughed Terry. "He is basking in Amalie's shadow all the time. I'm afraid if he doesn't marry pretty soon he will become unfitted for business."

"You may make the same remark about me," chuckled Dick, "and I don't believe that you are in any better mental condition than I am."

"Oh, well! Abide your time, boys," laughed Fred. "But let's fix up this matter just right and on a scale that will astonish the whole country."

"Say, Fred, you go ahead and see the committee, those two committees, and any proposition you make Joe and I will agree to. We'll do the square thing if it costs us ten thousand dollars."

"Well, I don't intend that it shall cost any such sum as that. So far as the great feast to be given to the college men and their families is concerned, the merchants of New Era must contribute to a fund to pay for it. Of course, we will head the list with a big contribution, but as they are to receive the benefit of the great crowd they must show their appreciation of it. We have paid out in years past thousands and thousands of dollars, for which we received no benefit except in the way of advertising the place. We have brought up crowds that filled the hotels and boarding houses, and paid all the expenses, and very seldom asked anybody to help bear the expenses."

"Yes; that's so. They'll all contribute."

"Don't count too strongly on that, Terry," remarked Dick. "Some of them would try to get off with fifty cents who ought to pay fifty dollars. They reason that we are going to have it anyhow, and they will subscribe just as little as possible. We've got some pretty small fellows here in New Era, just as they have in every community."

"Well, we won't quarrel over that. There's hardly a business house in the town that we haven't thrown business in their way."

Just then Joe came in.

"Great Scott! Here he is," said Terry. "How in the world did you manage to get out of sight of her, Joe?"

"Oh, dry up," laughed Jencks. "You fellows get tired of sweet things, but I don't. What's the row about, anyway?"

"Why, it's about you," returned Dick. "We are trying to devise some plan to get you to attend to other business besides love making."

"You don't want to bother yourselves about that. I can make love and do business at the same time. If I've neglected anything, just dock me for it."

"Well, you've got to attend to business now for the next week, and do your courting only of evenings, for Fred is going away for that length of time."

"The deuce he is! Where is he going? Down to Fredonia?"

"No; there's nothing down there to attract him, for his girl is up here."

"All right, then. What has he suddenly gone crazy about? What asylum is he going to?"

After a little more badinage, they told Joe what the scheme was.

"Big thing," he remarked.

"Of course it is. The biggest thing that ever happened. We will have fifty, sixty, or seventy-five thousand people here."

"The deuce you will! Where will you put them?"

"Why on the face of the earth, of course, where they've always been. Do you think there is no room in this part of the world?"

"People don't generally sleep out on the face of the earth with their faces turned up toward the stars."

"Well, don't you worry about taking care of the crowd. The same railroad that brings them up here can take them away again. I guess a thousand cots could be put under the circus tent after the performance is over, for people who wish to occupy them. Quinn can manage that sort of thing. Then the seats in the Wild West show can take care of six or eight thousand more; but everybody who comes up won't want to stay all night; they will prefer to go back, or to some of the outlying towns and return the next day. Then the great hotels can furnish cots in their hallways, dining rooms and ball rooms. There'll be no trouble about taking care of all who want to stay over night."

That evening at the cottage the girls were delighted at the news of what the boys were proposing to do.

"Now look here, girls," said Fred, "we are not quite sure yet of getting the two crews up here, but don't forget that our parents must be provided for in the cottages, for every one of them must come up. I know that father and mother will be delighted."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Judge Fearnot will be so happy to meet so many of his old classmates again."

"Yes; and we'll make them all have a good time," said Fred.

The next day Fred packed his grip and took the train for New Haven.

On reaching there he went to the residence of the friend who had written him the letter, taking him completely by surprise.

Of course he got a warm reception, and inside of a few minutes Fred made him acquainted with his plans.

"Fearnot, that's a good thing," said the gentleman. "I would much rather have the match come off here, though."

"Well, we have a better place for it, and if you and your family will come up and spend the week with us, we'll take care of you just as you offered the hospitalities of your house to me; so don't you forget that. Now, I want to see the Yale members of that committee."

"They are all here, I guess. The boys will be glad to see you, and I see no reason why you couldn't make the arrangement. I don't know when they are going to hold a meeting, but you can find out from some of the members."

The next day the boys saw from a New Haven paper that Fred Fearnot was in the city, and many of them were eager to see him.

His old classmates had left the college and were out in the busy world, but he had helped Yale out in several sporting contests, and he was regarded as Yale's champion in all sorts of sports.

He called on the professors to pay his respects to them, and they received him with a great deal of cordiality, for they thought highly of him.

To one of the professors he revealed his plans, and begged that he give his influence to induce the committee to select New Era as the place for the great race to come off.

"Understand now," said he, "that every member of the faculty who come up there is to be our guest."

"Thank you! Thank you! Really, I would rather see it take place there than here in New Haven, for I'm half inclined to think that it is somewhat demoralizing to the students when those races come off here. Hundreds of them will not go to the expense or trouble of a trip to New Era; whereas, if it came off here, they would be in the midst of the crowd, and the excitement would unfit them for study for at least a week afterward; and besides, New Haven never was able to take care of the crowd that came in."

Later in the day he saw the members of the committee, and when he laid before them what the New Era Company would do, they were unanimous in favor of having the race come off there.

"All right, then. Now, how can we get at the Harvard committee?"

"Call a meeting," suggested one of them.

"What's the matter with this committee going up to Cambridge with me at my expense? Then we can have a meeting without any trouble."

"All right; we'll do so," and the committee at once pre-

pared to go up to see the Harvard boys on the following day.

The chairman of the committee wired to the Harvard chairman that they were coming up to see them, and that Fred Fearnot was in the party.

Fred knew that the Harvard boys didn't love him much, because he had helped Yale defeat them on more than one occasion, and he doubted if they had forgotten those defeats.

They arrived at Cambridge on schedule time, and were met at the station by the committee.

They gave Fred a cordial reception, for which he thanked them in a neat little talk of five minutes.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "we've come up to have a little consultation with you about where the great boat race is to take place, and if you can lead us to some quiet spot where we can talk the matter over I think we can settle it in a very few minutes."

They led the way to one of the society rooms, where he proceeded at once to offer New Era as the place for the great contest. He went on to describe the lake; how it lay and how the spectators could see the race from start to finish; how the great crowd could be accommodated, and how attractions other than the collegiate contest would help draw and amuse the vast multitude.

"The New Era Company will be the host of both crews," he remarked, "and we will entertain you royally."

Then he explained how the arena of the great Wild West show, with its six or eight thousand sheltered seats would be open for a great reunion of all the graduates of both colleges, and a magnificent barbecue provided.

It captured the Harvard men immediately.

A reunion of the two colleges at the same time and place had never occurred. They were to sit facing each other from two sides, from which speeches could be made, and the two colleges could fraternize.

"Now, look here, Fearnot," sung out one of the Harvard men, "you are a Yale man, and we don't want to get caught in a Yale trap. Is it your intention to take part in the race?"

"No," he laughed. "I am simply going to act as a host for both sides, will hurrah for both institutions, and be glad to see the best crew win; so you needn't worry."

Both sides laughed heartily; in fact the Yale men shouted, for it was an indirect compliment paid one of their old boys.

"Now, gentlemen," said Fred, "if you select New Era, I venture to make the assertion that you'll have a better time and a more satisfactory one than you've ever had before in the history of either institution. It's the finest show of water

in the State for a boat race. The water is clear and fresh; good enough to drink at any time, and without any perceptible current; so that in either direction there will be no obstacle whatever to your getting the full benefit of your skill and muscle. All along the entire course the spectators can view the race whilst standing or sitting under the shade of trees; hence you will not be annoyed by hundreds of boats which are frequently a very great inconvenience to the contestants."

"But look here," one of the Harvard men called out, "they say that you don't have anything to drink up there but water."

"That's a slander," he laughed. "A man can drink whatever he brings with him. We have an abundance of good water, it is true, and plenty of milk, and——"

"Holy mackerel," exclaimed one. "Who ever heard of a college man drinking milk?"

"I drink it," Fred replied quickly, "and because I do I am the athlete whom you fellows seem to be afraid of."

Of course there was a great laugh at the hit.

"New Era only prohibits the sale of liquors of any kind," he continued, "not the drinking of it. If it was for sale there you'd have to pay for it to get it; hence it doesn't cost you any more if you buy it outside of the county and bring it with you, so I don't see where the inconvenience comes in."

CHAPTER II.

THE BANQUET IN BOSTON.

The two committees had a vote on Fearnot's proposition, and it was unanimous in favor of New Era.

"Thank you, boys," said Fred, "and in response to your kind action each of you lend me your ear and I'll whisper into it."

Every member of the committee turned an ear to him, and he put both hands up to his mouth to make a funnel, through which he said, in a half whisper:

"Meet me over at the Hub to-night."

It was greeted with a shout.

Boston was not very far away, for Cambridge is really considered a suburb of the famous New England metropolis.

"Where shall we meet you?" one of them asked.

"At the same old place," he laughed.

They understood by that that a certain fashionable restaurant was meant, where the Harvard boys frequently met for a convivial time.

He and the Yale committee went over to the city, put up at the Parker House, and in the evening met the Harvard boys at the well-known restaurant.

The proprietor had been notified by telephone to prepare a splendid feast for a committee of Yale and Harvard men.

"Who's to pay for it?" came back over the wire.

"Fred Fearnot."

"Well, we'd like to see Mr. Fearnot," came back from the cautious proprietor, "as well as the color of his money."

"Great Scott!" gasped Fred. "That fellow is no fool."

Then he 'phoned back:

"Send a man around here to the hotel. I'm engaged with a party of friends and can't leave."

A half hour later the proprietor himself appeared, and he apologized, saying that he wanted to see who was to be responsible for the feast, as if the parties didn't appear he would be a loser.

"That's all right," said Fred. "How much money do you want for a supper for twenty?"

"That depends upon what sort of a supper you want. If you want wine it will cost more. If you don't, it will cost less."

"Let the boys have wine. I don't drink it myself; and we want a private room, if you can let us have it."

"All right. It will cost you ten dollars a plate."

"Pretty steep; but we will have to have it," and Fred, who had come prepared for any financial emergency, paid for the supper in advance.

When Fred and the Yale men left the hotel for the restaurant they found the Harvard boys there waiting for them.

The banquet had been provided in a separate room, where they would be free from intrusion. No one was admitted except the waiters, and what a feast it was! Everything good was provided.

Then after the feast came the wine and cigars.

They all drank and smoked except Fearnot, and many a joke they cracked at his expense about his "lonesomeness."

"Well, I'm not lonesome," he retorted, "but when you fellows go down under the table, and I am left sitting here alone, then will come my hour of desolation. But I will give you all warning in time that I don't intend to soil my hands or my clothes trying to take care of you and land you safely where you belong. I've engaged a score of Italian push-carts to put in an appearance here at eleven o'clock, and each one is to deliver his cargo according to the tag he finds pinned on the lapel of his coat."

The boys laughed heartily, and jeered at the idea that he had made any such provision for their comfort.

"You don't believe me, eh? Just make inquiries to-mor-

row morning as to how you got back home, and if you don't learn that you arrived by push-cart express you can call on me for apologies."

Wit and repartee flew back and forth, and a scene of hilarity ensued that beggars description.

Nearly every one of the college men passed the bounds of moderation, but none of them went under the table.

Three different times the landlord entered and protested against the racket, but he had delt with college men before. He had given them a room in which the furniture was of such a solid character as to be practically indestructible.

When he entered he found two of the Harvard boys, members of the glee club, standing up on the table singing. Some dishes were broken, but the damage didn't amount to much. He protested, but the boys laughed at him.

He noticed, however, that Fearnot was perfectly sober.

"How's this?" he asked. "They all seem to be the worse for drink except you."

"I never drink the stuff," was the reply; "nor do I even smoke; but I couldn't deny my guests wine and cigars. If any damages are done send me the bill."

"Oh, there'll be no damage done, for without an axe they can't break any of the furniture in here, and the price you have paid for this includes the possible destruction of every dish on the table."

Fred laughed and remarked:

"Well, I'll say this for you, landlord, you are a pretty sharp fellow for a Bostonian."

"I've been in the business long enough to find out a few things," was the reply. "I have catered to clubs. I have another room where the tables and seats are nailed to the floor, and the dishes are of metal that will bend, but won't break. There are no pictures on the walls, nor carpets on the floor."

"Good! Good! Experience is a great teacher, isn't it?"

"I've found it so."

Nearly half the revelers were singing and raising a terrific den, whilst one Yale man and two Harvard boys were trying to make speeches.

The landlord looked at his watch with an expression on his face that seemed to portray an inward prayer for the time to arrive for the banqueters to leave the house.

Finally Fred rapped on the table, and the noise ceased.

"Friends, it is time for us to go home now. I'm glad to see that every one of you is able to stand on his feet and navigate."

Instantly the whole crowd broke out singing, "We won't go home till morning."

"Yes, you will," yelled Fred. "The room is to be cleared at eleven o'clock, and now it lacks fifteen minutes of the

time. The landlord has summoned a crowd of longshoremen to take you out promptly on time. Now every mother's son of you get in line, and I'll show you the latest drill."

The boys thought it was some new trick or game, so they stood up in line, one behind the other, each with his hand on the shoulder of the one in front of him.

"Now be sure you keep the step," Fred ordered, placing himself at the head of the line, and in that position they marched around the room. It was comical to see how some of them tried to keep the step.

Finally a door opened and he marched out and started down stairs.

When about half way down one of the boys stumbled, and finally one-half of the batch rolled to the bottom of the flight in a confused mass.

They were all laughing, and thought it great fun.

There were a few bruises, but they didn't amount to much.

The Harvard boys were placed in carriages, and the drivers told to deliver them at their dormitories out at Cambridge.

Thus the banquet broke up, and Fred and the Yale men returned to the hotel.

The next morning he had the laugh on the Yale boys, for each one of them had a head on him, figuratively speaking, as big as a beer keg, for that is the natural result of an overload of champagne. Old drinkers say that good straight whiskey is better stuff to get drunk on than the famous wines of France.

Every one of the Yale boys had to have a cocktail before breakfast, and then a bath before they felt in a condition to go into the breakfast room.

"Say, you fellows think you had a lot of fun last night, don't you?" he asked.

"Well, we did, didn't we?" one answered.

"No; you didn't have half as much fun as I did."

"The deuce you say! You didn't touch a drop of wine."

"Of course I didn't. I was perfectly sober all the time, and stood around watching you fellows and pondering over Puck's famous remark: 'What fools these mortals be.' I have spent hours before a big cage full of monkeys, and wasn't amused half as much as I was whilst watching you fellows last night; and it is really comical to look at you this morning."

"Do you see anything funny about me?" one of them asked.

"Well, it isn't funny; but it's the expression on your face, and that expression is almost audible. I can almost hear you say: 'Lord, what a head I have this morning.' 'What a fool I was,' and Johnson has been on the stool of repent-

ance ever since he awoke, and has mentally vowed that he will never get full again."

"I have done nothing of the kind," muttered Johnson, "and really, if I have, I take it as rather unkind of you to twit me about it, after having paid for the wine."

"That's all right. I repented of that before a cork was drawn; but it frequently happens in the course of a lifetime that one is justified in doing evil that good may come?"

"Great Scott! When is the good going to come?"

"When we meet at New Era," was the reply.

"Oh, oh! And who will get the good of that?"

"All of us. We'll not only have a good time, but a grand, glorious time. There'll be fifty thousand people to see the brawn of the seniors of both institutions working like Trojans to demonstrate what American athletes can do. The wealth and beauty of the whole country will be gathered there to cheer and encourage both teams. Every one of you should bring your best girl, and your fathers and your mothers and your cousins and your aunts. We'll have not only the great boat race, but yacht races and horse racing and baseball games."

"All in one day?" one asked.

"No; we are going to take up six days in the week, for we intend to see that you have a good time, and each one of you fellows will find a litter with your name on it and two stalwart fellows to carry you down to the lake and gently dip you in the water to cool your heated anatomy."

"Say, Fearnot, you miss a lot of fun," one of the Yale boys remarked.

"I do, eh? On the contrary, I have more real fun in one week than you have in three months, for I'm in a condition always to enjoy everything that comes along. It is one thing that you fellows at college fail to learn, that man in his normal condition is in exact harmony with all the laws of nature as well as of health. But then, a man can't learn everything. One can be very wise in one direction, and extremely foolish in another. Every one of you fellows went off on a foolish tack, and this morning you can hardly take your bearings."

"Oh, I'm all right," every one of them protested.

"That's all right," laughed Fred. "Every foolish man thinks he is wise, and every drunken man thinks he is sober."

"Say," one of them asked, "was I drunk last night?"

Fred looked him straight in the face and began chuckling, in which all the others joined him.

"What a foolish question! Not one of you can eat a square meal this morning. Some of you are feasting on tea and toast. One or two of you have simply an egg and a cup of coffee; whilst I am enjoying a fine porterhouse steak. Just think of an athletic young man acquiring

muscle and strength on tea and toast! I know just how you all feel; not that I have experienced it, but from observation and study. I have a friend down in New York whose wife told me one day about what he said at the breakfast table the next morning after he had been out with some friends. He didn't come home until three o'clock in the morning. He couldn't find the key-hole. She had directed that one of the servants sit up to let him in. When he came down to the breakfast table she said she really felt sorry for him, and didn't have the heart to scold him. He sat down; looked at the tempting dishes in front of him, but not a thing did he attempt to eat. She asked him:

"Tom, you don't feel well this morning; what can I fix up for you that will tempt your appetite?"

"Not only a repentant, but an honest streak, struck him, and he said:

"Just give me a cold orange and a few kind words."

"She said she got him the orange out of the ice box and gave him a kiss. Now, you fellows are not in a condition to appreciate a kiss from the sweetest girl in all the land, because your heads are swollen and your appetites have left you altogether."

He had a lot of fun with them. They all acknowledged that they were not feeling quite themselves, but would be all right in a little while.

Along about noon they took the train for New Haven, where they arrived in the evening.

As soon as they reached New Haven Fred wired to Terry at New Era simply:

"It's all O. K."

The dispatch was delivered at the cottage about nine p. m., and Dick, Joe, Terry and the girls were very happy over the news.

They sent down to the Eagle office and had a reporter write up the announcement that the next boat race between Harvard and Yale would take place at New Era, and that both crews would be the guests of the New Era Company.

The next morning, when the announcement appeared, all the guests in the hotels along the lake front read it with a great deal of satisfaction. They had secured their quarters for the season, and no matter how immense the crowd might be they would in no way be discommoded.

Landlord Quinn ran down to the office with the paper in his hand.

"Look here, Olcott; it is true that Yale and Harvard will be here for their boat race this season?"

"Yes; it's true. And we are going to have the biggest crowd New Era has ever seen—fully fifty thousand people on the day of the boat race. You ought to make ten thousand dollars out of it, Quinn."

"I will if you'll give me a show."

"Great Scott, man! When did we ever refuse to give you a show? Just go ahead and make all you can out of it. You ought to feed ten or twenty thousand people a day, and if we can render you any assistance let us know how."

CHAPTER III.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE YALE AND HARVARD DAY AT NEW ERA.

When Fred returned to New Era he brought with him a rough draft of the announcement of the result of a meeting of Yale and Harvard men, and, incomplete as it was, it was really a startling piece of literature.

"Boys," said he, "not one of either college made a kick after I told them about the advantages of the place, and what we would do for them if they came up here. We have got to take care of the two crews. They'll come up about ten days before the race comes off, to practice on the lake."

"Look here, Fred, isn't there danger of a collision between the two crews?" Duncan asked.

"No; they'll be on friendly terms, and they'll train on opposite sides of the lake, so that they can't watch each other, or be close enough to see which crew pulls best. But let me tell you," he laughed, "the Harvard fellows wanted to know if I was going to take a hand in the race. They said they'd had enough of me in that sort of thing, and the Yale boys yelled. They were very glad of one thing," he added, "and that was that the whole surface of the water would be clear of boats and craft of all kinds. Our lake is landlocked, and no boats or steamers can come around; but at New London and New Haven as many as a thousand different kinds crowd along the shore, leaving but a narrow channel for the contesting crews. I told them that we had here on the lake less than twenty yachts, and of course every cottager owns his row boat, but that spectators could see from the shore on either side better than they could from any boat, and they were highly pleased at it."

The next day after his arrival, Fred shut himself up in the little office in the rear of the company's office, and devoted himself to finishing up the announcement of the great event.

He spent the entire day at it, and when it was finished it was a gem, gotten up in his best style.

Two barbecues were announced, one for the alumni of both colleges, with their wives and families. That was to take place in the inclosure of the great Wild West show. The other was for the general public on the other side of the lake in the grove, and at the fair grounds.

The announcement of each day's occurrences was made.

Horse racing on Monday, yacht races on Tuesday, baseball and other games on Wednesday, and on Thursday the inter-collegiate boat race.

The latter was expected to be the great event of the week, and the greatest crowd would be present on that day.

A score of other different kinds of attractions were men-

tioned, such as balloon ascensions, fireworks in the evenings, and a great naval battle on the lake on Saturday. The yachts were to be equally divided in number, each armed with two or more brass cannon, such as are usually carried by yachts, the crew of each being in uniform, all armed with double barrel shotguns, firing blank cartridges.

"Look here, Fred," said Terry, "that naval battle is going to be as great an attraction as the college boat race."

"Yes; I think so, too. I never mentioned it when I was down at Yale and Cambridge, for it was an afterthought. I want to have Amalie to command one fleet, and a whole lot of girls in uniform fighting as marines."

"Well, you want to arrange that thing with a great deal of care, for somebody may get his or her head blown off."

"Oh, we will have to train them. And we will have to arrange it so that the girls must win, and compel the other yachts to haul down their colors. We must make a long fight of it. It's something that has never happened, and I think it will hold the crowd till the last day."

The girls were highly delighted. Their eyes sparkled, and they began bragging how they would blow the other yachts out of the water.

"Say," said Margie, "I want to command my own yacht."

"Well, you want me on board to command you, don't you?" Dick asked.

"Well, not exactly to command me, but I guess I can find something for you to do on board."

"Oh, yes, of course you can. You will make him chief 'busser.'"

"You look out for things aboard your yacht," retorted Margie. "You are something of a 'busser' yourself, and if a few things I've heard are true, Mary is as good at that sort of warfare as you are."

Mary laughed and blushed, and so the fun went round.

"Now all of you girls must agree upon a neat uniform: something showy. You needn't get anything expensive, but you want to get a big crew, and you must go through all the manœuvres of a sea fight until you get the thing down fine. We'll furnish the ammunition, and a man to load and fire the cannon."

"Say, Fred," laughed Terry, "if there should be no wind that day and the cannon began to belch fire and smoke, how the girls will sneeze and cough, for they'll be in a perfect cloud of smoke, while they couldn't see another yacht fifty feet away from their own."

"My!" gasped the girls. "Is there any danger of that?"

"Why, yes. If there should happen to be no breeze blowing, you would be in a deuce of a fix."

"That's awful," said Evelyn. "I do detest the odor of gunpowder smoke."

"So do I," chorused the others.

"Well, you mustn't back out. Every one of you must come out of the fight with your faces almost blackened with powder smoke. If you can't get it on any other way, rub it on with your hands, for you must look like old veterans. The other boats, commanded by men, of course must surrender. You must chase some of them, blowing away at them all the way around the lake. We'll have big pictures of a

naval battle gotten up, and have thousands of them printed and distributed over the country. It will cost us a deal of money, but when we undertake a thing we mustn't stop with a half-finished job."

The announcement was first printed in The Eagle at New Era, and the papers all over the country copied it as news.

Then the pictures of the boat race and the naval battle were ordered down in New York City, and within a week's time they were ready for distribution.

They were actually sent to some cities a thousand miles away from New Era.

Letters and telegrams began pouring in from every section of the country inquiring for quarters.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Fred, "we are literally overwhelmed. We must employ extra help to attend to things so that we can be free to direct matters."

They secured a hundred extra men to act as police during the week.

All the uniform that was given them was a cap and a club.

Extra clerks were hired, and such a busy time was never seen in New Era before.

Upward of three score young ladies volunteered to serve on the yachts in the naval battle, and what busy creatures they were, preparing the uniforms that had been adopted by a committee.

After that they began practicing on the lake.

Of course the owners of all yachts had agreed to take part in it.

Every owner selected his own crew, but they agreed on a uniform that was different from that of the opposing fleet.

There was a regular sailing master on each yacht, nearly all of them old salts who had sailed every sea on the globe, and were glad enough to get a snug berth on the lake at New Era. What they didn't know about sailing a yacht no land-lubber could ever acquire.

Amalie's yacht was managed by an old salt about fifty years of age, who had been sailing the seas for nearly thirty-five years, and if ever a commandant of a craft was worshipped, Amalie was by that old salt. He swore by her on all occasions, as did all the others, because she was the commodore of the entire fleet. They never met her on land or on water without giving her the regular salute, no matter who was with her or how many.

She invariably smiled and returned the salute with the promptness of a military officer. None of them ever addressed her as Miss Snyder, but it was "Commodore" every time.

The Widow Emmons had ordered a yacht built, and it had just been finished, and, of course, she was to be captain of it. It was the same size of the others, but what a beauty it was inside. The cabin was a little gem. She had a little berth made for her daughter Beatrice, the little seven-year-old beauty.

It cost more than any other yacht on the lake, and, perhaps, had more conveniences.

Every day great crowds poured in to New Era to see the

horse races, chariot races, the Wild West show and the circus; but thousands preferred to sit under the shade of the trees and watch the manoeuvres of the yachts as they were practicing for the great event.

Of course the old seamen on board needed no instructions about what to do, but the girls had to be trained to avoid accidents. A rope guard was erected around each yacht nearly three feet high, to prevent any one from falling overboard.

Then they were trained to duck their pretty heads as the booms swung around when a yacht changed its course.

That was really the only danger they were exposed to.

Mary didn't wish to act as a captain on the yacht Mary, but Terry insisted that she should, and as he was to be on board with her, she at last consented.

Nearly a dozen gentlemen, great admirers of Mrs. Emmons, put in applications to act as second in command with her, and she was greatly troubled about what choice to make.

Joe, of course, would be with Amalie; Fred with Evelyn. Miss Trainor was to command one, Elsie Snyder another, and so on until one-half had been provided for. The other half were to be commanded by men, the owners of the yachts and their friends.

After the battle the prisoners were all to be marched to the club house and there feasted by the crews of the victorious fleet.

"Fred, I never saw these girls having such a good time before," Terry remarked to Fred after they had finished all their preparations.

"I don't think they have had either. They've been mighty busy, and every one of them seems to be happy."

"Say, Fred, I invited Professor Brown and his wife to be in the battle with us; told him he could choose any yacht he pleased, and what do you think he said:

"Well, what did he say?"

"Why, he laughed and said we couldn't get him into that fight for ten thousand dollars."

"Why, what's the matter with him?"

"He says he has been a man of peace all his life, and didn't intend to make a school boy of himself again, and participate in a sham battle; and besides that, he detests the smell of burnt powder. Added, further, that he was leading such a happy, peaceful life in his little home with his wife that he had no desire to play fight at all."

"Oh, but he is a happy old fellow, you bet!"

"Well, he is going to look at the battle, isn't he?"

"Yes; he says he will if he can find a vantage point where he won't be crowded; says he never likes to get into a crowd. He offers to wager a wheelbarrow load of turnips that we'll have some serious accidents in that sham battle. He thinks that some of the girls will become excited and fall overboard, and perhaps, not seen, left to drown."

"Oh, we will guard against that. A guard will be placed to prevent any one falling overboard, and if any girl gets into the water she will do it intentionally. I don't believe any of them will be foolish enough to do that."

That evening Fred and Evelyn, Joe and Amalie paid the professor a visit.

Of course they were warmly welcomed. The girls kissed Mrs. Brown, and they went off into another room to talk whilst the two boys chatted with the professor, who had gained at least twenty pounds since his marriage; spent the entire day, six days in the week, in his shirt sleeves with his feet in cowhide boots, working with his hired man on his little farm, which was blooming like a garden.

"Fearnot, I am under a heavy debt of gratitude to you and the boys," he remarked to his visitors.

"How's that?" Fred asked.

"Why, but for you boys I never would have visited New Era; wouldn't be a married man to-day, nor the happiest man in the State. Never enjoyed better health in my life, and if the season continues favorable, I'll make more money this year off this forty acre farm than I ever made in three years teaching school."

"Great Scott! Ain't you overestimating your profits?"

"I may be, but I don't think so. The land is as rich as the valley of the Nile, and I never saw vegetation grow so in my life. John, my hired man, insists that I have underestimated it. I never was of an over-sanguine temperament in my life, but whether I make much or little I'll be a happy man, for I'll still have my wife, who is a live ray of sunshine. She works, too, singing all the time, and practically she is the director general of the whole place. Her father is a successful farmer, you know, and she learned as she grew up everything about farming. We have a standing joke on her father, who thought that a man who had spent the most of his life at school teaching couldn't possibly know anything about farming, and if he did, he wouldn't have the energy or the muscle to make it a success; but he forgot that what I don't know, she does, and he admits frankly that he is surprised, and even hints that he doesn't believe he could have done as well himself. This fall her sister is going to marry Mr. Green."

"Oh, oh, I suspected that!"

"Yes; I've been suspecting it; in fact, I've been knowing it for months, and it is a good match, too. They are both intensely practical. He is a born farmer, and it seems impossible for him to get tired."

"Well, don't you get tired sometimes?"

"Yes. But I'm so happy that I don't mind it. It used to be that I suffered from insomnia, but now I can drop to sleep early in the evening inside of ten minutes after I lay my head on the pillow, and actually, my wife has to wake me up mornings. Then we get breakfast together, and begin the day's work. We are not working very hard just now, because we are letting things grow, and, bless your soul, how they do grow. It seems to me that everybody ought to be a farmer to enjoy life."

"Oh, that wouldn't do, you know," laughed Fred. "If every man was a farmer no farmer could sell any of the products of his labor. It's the fellows who don't farm who buy what farmers raise; and we are going to bring a crowd up here this season that will make your little farm look as though a fire had swept over it, for they will be like a swarm of locust that will clean up everything green. Now,

professor, we want you and your wife to be on board one of the yachts during the battle."

"Excuse me, if you please," he asked, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Somebody is going to be hurt that day, and a man who stays on land will be sure not to get a ducking in the water. There is going to be a tremendous excitement, and when a crowd of girls on a yacht becomes excited they lose all thought of danger."

"Why, what danger can there be?"

"That's what I don't know. Some of those brass pieces may explode; one yacht may collide with another; any number of different accidents may happen. I'd rather look on at a distance, and unless I can find a place where I won't be jostled by a mob I won't even do that."

"What a timid old man you are becoming," laughed Fred. "You can sit at a window in our cottage where you certainly won't be jostled, but the foliage of the trees will cut off some of the view."

"That's all right. There are many points where I think we can get a good view without being run over by the mob. I have invited Professor Tracy, though, to come down and spend the week with us."

"Great Scott, Fred!" said Joe. "we forgot old Avon. We must invite the faculty down, and the girls must have the Advocate and her mother."

When they left Professor Brown's happy home, Fred wrote a letter to Professor Lambert inviting the entire faculty to come down during the Harvard and Yale week, and Evelyn and Margie extended a similar invitation to Eunice and her mother.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FUN AT THE YACHT CLUB HOUSE.

About ten days before the great boat race was to come off, the Yale crew arrived with their boat and oars.

It was a long, slender shell, built scientifically and in the perfection of the art of boat building.

Not one of the crew had ever seen New Era before, and when they saw the lake they were enthusiastic over it.

They were given quarters in the club house, while their boat was placed in the water underneath the broad piazza that fronted out on the lake.

The windows of their dormitory also fronted the lake.

"Say, Fearnot," said the stroke oar, "this is the finest thing of the kind I ever saw. The water is like a mirror with a great heavy border of shade all around it, and it must be full of fish, for I see the water agitated in many places in every direction."

"Why, it's full of fish," said Fred. "We had it stocked four years ago, and we've never turned the public loose on it; and what is more, the water is always clear and fit to drink at any time. The heaviest rain storm never sent down sediment as far as a mile below the bridge."

That evening there was a full moon, and the atmosphere was very clear. The Yale crew sat on the broad piazza, looked out over the lake, and thought it was a fairy scene.

The boys went down to the club house, which was brilliantly lighted up, with a whole crowd of girls, to whom the Yale crew were introduced, and there was music and dancing till a late hour.

When they saw Amalie and was told that she was the commodore of the fleet they paid her great deference, and admired her queenly carriage and beauty; but the Widow Emmons and Evelyn. Mary and Margie received as much attention.

"Well, I'm sorry Yale College is not in easy walking distance of this lake," remarked one of the crew.

"Well, it would be a very poor education you fellows would get if it were," laughed Terry, "for you'd find so many attractions to distract you from your studies that you'd never get the worth of your money in the way of knowledge."

"Well, you fellows seem to be making out all right."

"Oh, yes. But we finished our education before we started this thing."

One of the young men began making some particular inquiries about Miss Olcott.

"Oh, she's the sister of one of Fearnot's partners," replied the party of whom the inquiry was made.

"Well, she's a beauty!"

"Yes; of course, and mortgaged."

"The deuce she is! Who holds that mortgage?"

"Well, Fearnot has the reputation of holding it, and of all men in the world you'll find him the hardest to cut out."

"Hang him! That fellow seems to be getting more than his share of the good things of this life."

"I don't think so," said the other. "In this world a man is entitled to all he can earn, and he and his partners have worked hard. They are brainy young fellows, and each of them seems to have got a cinch on the girls, and the girls appear to be glad of it."

"What, all four of them?"

"Yes; all four of them. You see the young man who is dancing with the tall blonde, who is commodore of the yacht fleet here?"

"Yes; that's Jencks."

"Well, rumor says they are engaged, and I guess they are, for I've spent four seasons here, and I notice they are together all the time. Then the young lady that is dancing with the tall young man out there is Miss Hamilton. I believe that both of them acknowledge that she and Olcott are engaged; and Fearnot's sister is certainly engaged to Duncan. Those fellows know a good thing when they see it, and go for it. They never get left. Each one has had a yacht built and his girl's name put on it. The boys have the credit of running this thing, and I guess they do so far as business is concerned; but if those four young ladies don't lose the whole ranch, I'm not capable of seeing a thing with my eyes wide open; and sweeter and more considerate young ladies I never met. Everybody who gets acquainted with them seems to fall in love with them."

The gentleman who was giving the information was a guest of Hall's Hotel, who had spent four seasons there. He knew either personally or otherwise the ladies in all the

cottages. During the evening scores of them came in, for the cottagers were all members of the yacht club.

It was a warm evening, but there was a cool breeze blowing over the water, and while many were dancing in the great ball room, others were seated at little tables out on the broad piazza, taking ice cream or cooling drinks, and gossiping and flirting.

The next day the Harvard crew arrived, and they were quartered in another part of the great club house.

Of course they were acquainted with the Yale crew, and were as friendly and sociable as though they were all members of the same class at the same institution.

Their boat was anchored at the other end of the broad piazza, and in the afternoon both crews were out practicing on the lake. The club house was crowded with members of the boat club watching them.

How they skimmed through the water with their long, narrow shell boats!

There was a great deal of interest manifested, and as they watched them they all agreed that it was an even chance as to which would win.

Of course they rowed in opposite directions, as neither crew cared for the other to pick up any of their points of excellence.

One rowed down toward the dam, whilst the other would go either directly to the bridge or across, for the club house was a mile and a half above the dam, and it was there that the lake widened out a distance of fully three miles.

The club house had attached to it a splendid restaurant, where any one could get a splendid meal by paying the prices on the bill of fare.

A little before sunset Margie, and a bevy of other girls, were sitting at the corner of the piazza when a fish actually splashed water up in their faces.

The girls jumped and laughed, and Margie remarked:

"If I had a hook I'd try to catch that fish for my supper."

"Oh, my! He is big enough for a dozen of us," said one of the girls.

"Say, Margie, I can get a hook and line for you," said Evelyn, and she went inside and asked one of the attendants if he could get her some fishing tackle, as there was a fish out there in front of the piazza splashing water on them.

The attendant knew who she was, and a wish from any member of the New Era Company's household was equal to a command.

There was plenty of fishing tackle in the club house, and he soon brought her one without any rod.

He had baited it with a small piece of lamb, and Evelyn laughingly took it out to Margie, who cast the hook into the water, holding the line with her hand.

Fortunately for her she had on a pair of gloves, and in less than three minutes she sprang up and cried out:

"Oh, I've got him! I've got him!"

The fish was flying around through the water, and the line would have actually cut her hand to the bone but for the strong pair of gloves she had on.

Margie was always plucky, and she soon succeeded in landing a five-pounder.

When she got it over the balustrade the girls scattered, for it was flopping and jumping around at a great rate.

Several gentlemen rushed up to secure the fish for her.

It created considerable excitement, and Margie felt quite proud of her exploit.

Other girls called for fishing tackle, and soon four of them had their hooks in the water.

One of them soon hooked a fish, which flew around and got the other lines tangled up, and they all pulled together, landing a three-pounder.

Of course the gentlemen had to untangle the lines, and award the game to the one who had her hook in its mouth.

"Oh, girls!" cried one of them, "let's catch our supper right here, and have nothing else," suggested one of them. And again they cast their hooks. A few minutes later two more fish were caught, but none of them were as large as Margie's first one.

"Now for a big one," she said, "and that'll be enough for us."

She cast her hook and waited a few minutes, when she felt a bite and jerked.

When she pulled it out she had a perch about as broad as a silver half dollar.

It created a good deal of merriment, and she insisted that one of the gentlemen should take it off tenderly and throw it back in the water.

"Why, it's a little baby fish," she said, "and it must grow two or three years more."

A waiter was sent for, who took up the fish, and was told to have it cooked especially for the ladies who caught them.

By and by Terry came for Evelyn, and Dick for Margie to take them back to the cottage; but the girls protested that they had caught their supper already and was going to eat it at the club house.

"Here, Dick," said Margie, "catch your supper or you will go without it."

Dick took the line, cast the hook, and in a few minutes he was in a desperate fight with a big eel.

He landed it, and the girls scattered, thinking it was a snake.

"That's my supper," said Dick.

"Dick," said Margie, "that nasty thing can't come on the table where we are going to eat. You must not eat that, or eat it at another table."

"Yes," said Evelyn, "we draw the line on water snakes."

"Why that's no snake," said Dick. "There never was a snake with gills, and this has gills."

"Say, let me have that, Duncan," said a gentleman. "I am very fond of eels. Try your hand at catching another one, or you can't dine with the ladies."

Dick cast his hook again, and was soon fortunate enough to catch a large fine bass.

He sent it to the cook with instructions to fix it up for him.

"Say, Dick, that's enough for two," said Terry. "so I'll join you in that."

"No, you don't, Mr. Terry," put in Margie, "every one in our party must catch his own supper."

"All right," and in a little while there were more than a score of ladies and gentlemen angling for his or her supper. It became quite a fad, and until quite late in the evening angling was going on out on the piazza, whilst other parties were eating their catch in the dining room.

"Well, of all fresh fish eating, this beats anything I ever saw," remarked a gentleman.

"Yes," said another. "We don't wait for a fish to die here. We kill it and put it in the pan."

Of course each one had to pay as much for his fish supper as if he hadn't furnished the game.

Margie's five pound fish was put on a plate before her, and she laughingly said she would divide with the others. Yet there was a great deal more fish than they could consume.

The college boys were charmed with everything they saw, the dancing, fishing and flirting out on the broad piazza overlooking the water, the whole lighted up brilliantly by electricity.

The Widow Emmons was in her glory. She had a crowd of admirers around her all the time. She seemed to be perfectly impartial with her favors. She laughed and chatted with all, and danced with each in turn.

"Look here, Mrs. Emmons," Evelyn whispered to her, "don't think me jealous, for I'm not, as you know; but before that boat race comes off some of these gentlemen will be fighting over you."

"Well, what in the world can I do to prevent it? You make yourself pleasant and attractive to the gentlemen as well as I do, and I know there are a number of them already bewitched by you."

"You shouldn't look so sweet," laughed Evelyn.

"Pshaw, that's a woman's business. Every one tries to look as pretty as she can, and I know no one who is more adept at that than you, and as you've already captured your hero, there is no necessity for your smiling on the others as you do. I've got to catch mine yet," and she laughed and went on with her flirting with the crowd of admirers around her.

The next morning the entire Yale crew fished for their breakfast from the lower corner of the piazza of the club house, and every one caught more than he could eat.

The Harvard men enjoyed the sport, but didn't confine their breakfast exclusively to fish.

That day the yachts manœuvred, and thousands of people spent hours gazing at them.

Amalie's yacht acted as the flagship, and there were a bevy of fifteen young ladies on board, all in uniform.

The Widow Emmons was captain of the Beatrice, which was the name of her yacht, and she had several gentlemen and about a dozen young ladies on board.

Evelyn, Mary, Margie and the other girls were on board their yachts with their crews, and merry peals of laughter were heard in every direction. Every one seemed happy.

The rival boat crews were out also, practicing

They sailed way up to the bridge, and in coming back one of the cottages, with a crew of friends, nearly a score of gentlemen, challenged the commodore for a race down toward the bridge.

There was a pretty good breeze blowing.

Amalie, though, didn't accept the challenge, but Margie did.

The other yacht had at least two hundred yards the start, and was really a better sailer.

When Margie found that she couldn't overtake him, she ordered Dick to open fire on him with one of the brass cannons on the deck, and nearly all the way down the lake she kept blazing away at him.

The crowd along the shore roared, waved hats and canes, while both the yachts were going at full speed.

It created a great deal of excitement, for people who were watching the horse races turned their attention, thinking it was a running fight. The leading yacht finally began firing back, and it was an exciting episode.

The commodore laughed, and said to those around her:

"It will be an exciting time when all the yachts begin firing at each other."

"Yes, indeed!" her companions assented.

"Hello!" called out Dick. "He is hauling down his colors."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Margie, clapping her hands gleefully. "He has surrendered; it is my prize," and she ordered the yacht to go alongside. The owner came aboard, hat in hand, and extended toward her a silver plated table knife, and, with a good deal of mock formality, said he had come aboard to tender his sword to the victor.

Margie enjoyed it immensely.

She took the knife, stuffed it inside her belt, and told him that she wouldn't put irons on such a brave sailor.

He was one of the cottagers, and invited the victor on board to open a bottle of wine.

She declined to drink any wine, but the other members of her crew partook of it quite freely, and while they were drinking, the captain ordered his sails hoisted, and he started off with the captors as his prisoners.

It turned the laugh on them, and every one enjoyed the joke.

"It's treachery," laughed Margie.

"Oh, yes! But when the prize is considered, the treachery becomes a valid action. If I were not already a married man, you'd never get your freedom again."

CHAPTER V.

HOW OLD FRIENDS GATHERED AT NEW ERA.

Just a few days before the great gala week was to begin Tom Travis, of Baltimore, walked into the Fearnot cottage just as the occupants were about to sit down to the evening meal.

Black Mose, who opened the door for him in response to his ring, didn't know who he was.

"Are those rascally boys at home?" he asked.

"Thar ain't no rascal here, sir," was Mose's prompt reply.

"Why, they told me that this is where Fearnot, Olcott, Duncan and Jencks lived."

"Yes, sah. Dey libs heah, but dey ain't no rascals."

"Well, I knew them years ago when they were the worst young rascals that ever lived. Just tell them that a friend who used to rob henroosts and steal pigs with them is at the door."

Mose went back, and with a broad grin on his face, said to Terry, for Fred was not in the room at the time:

"Mr. Terry, dar's a man at the front door who says he used to steal pigs and rob hen roosts wid you and Mr. Fred, Mr. Dick and Mr. Joe, and he wants to see you."

Terry at once suspected that some practical joking friend of his had put in an appearance; so he said to Mose:

"Mose, catch him by the collar, fling him around, jerk him in here and let me see who he is."

Mose, still grinning, went back to the front door, where Travis was waiting, seized him by the lapel of his coat and jerked him inside with a force that actually made his teeth rattle.

"Here, you black savage," said Tom, or rather tried to say, "what do you mean? I'll put a bullet through you," and he reached around for his hip pocket.

Terry at once recognized the voice, and knowing the hot-headed Southerner wouldn't stand any nonsense from a colored citizen, dashed out into the hallway just in time to save Mose's life, for Tom had his hand on his revolver.

"Great Scott! Is it you, Tom?" he exclaimed.

"Let go of him, Mose. He is no chicken thief."

"Well, he said he was, Mr. Terry."

Terry seized Tom's wrist, and prevented him from drawing his gun.

"Look here, Tom," Terry remarked, "Mose has been punished so much for stealing chickens when he was a youth that he thinks every man who acknowledges having committed the same crime ought to be smashed."

"Well, it looks as though he was trying to smash me."

"Oh, he was simply obeying orders."

Hearing the racket in the hall, Dick, Joe and Fred quickly ran in to see who the newcomer was, and on recognizing Tom they fell aboard of him, and had a lot of fun with him, handling him roughly, laughing the while in the greatest good humor.

The girls ran out and saw all four of them scrambling with a stranger; whilst Mose stood aside with a broad grin on his ebony face.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Margie, "if it isn't Mr. Travis."

"Yes; that's who it is. But hanged if I don't believe your brother and the rest of them have turned savage! What's the matter with them?" and Tom reached out and shook hands with Margie.

The girls enjoyed the joke very much, at the same time Evelyn chided the boys for being so rough with an old friend.

"Oh, he's responsible for it," laughed Terry. "When he appeared at the door he told Mose to tell us that an old friend who used to rob hen roosts and steal pigs with us was at the door to see us. I told him to yank him inside, and

the faithful fellow shook him till his teeth rattled like castanets. I didn't dream that it was Tom, or I wouldn't have told Mose to handle him so roughly, for that's something that a Southerner won't stand, you know."

"Look here, Mr. Terry," said Mose, "is that gemmon from the Souf?"

"Yes; he is from Baltimore."

"I beg your pardon, sah," and he made several humble bows that set the girls laughing.

"Look here, Mose," said Tom, "you are from the South, too, ain't you?"

"Yes, sah; I'm from down in old Virginie."

"Well, they've spoiled you since you came up North here. In another minute more you'd been a dead nigger."

"Yes," laughed Terry, "for I got out here just in time to prevent you from pulling that gun. Just come inside here now, and give an account of yourself," and he took him into the sitting room.

There the old friends were together once more, and in the greatest good humor.

"When did you get here, Tom?" Fred asked.

"About an hour ago. I went to a hotel, but found that there wasn't even room for me to sleep out on the piazza."

"Of course, of course! Served you right for not coming straight here to the cottage. Why didn't you notify us that you were coming up?"

"Wanted to give you a surprise."

"Well, you succeeded, and got a little surprised yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes; I confess that I did."

"Well, did you come up alone?"

"Yes."

"Look here, girls," said Fred, turning to Mary, Evelyn and Margie, "this is a specimen mean brother. He has got one of the prettiest sisters in Baltimore, but I never heard of his taking her anywhere. Now, we boys take our sisters wherever we can, or anywhere they wish to go. He is attentive to other fellow's sisters, but he doesn't care to give his own sister a good time at all."

"Eh, you let up there now," said Tom. "I asked her to come up with me, but she has two schoolmates paying her a visit, and she couldn't leave them. She nearly cried her eyes out about it."

"Well, why the thunder didn't you bring the two young ladies with you?"

"I suggested that to her, but she said that they would consider it a polite invitation for them to go home, and as they were there by her invitation she wouldn't do it for anything in the world."

"Now, Fred," said Evelyn, "I'm sure that's excuse enough, but really I'm sorry that they didn't come."

"So am I, but hanged if I don't manage to get them up here."

"Now, look here, boys," said Tom, "where the deuce am I to stop? The hotels are all filled to overflowing."

"Don't worry about that. We can put up a cot in a clothes closet here for you and if that isn't satisfactory the loft out in the barn is big enough for a dozen like you."

"All right, then. My trunk is up at Hall's Hotel."

"All right; I'll send for it."

Terry hustled him upstairs into his room, where he was given an opportunity to get rid of the dust of travel before coming down to the dining room.

When he came down all the girls began apologizing to him for the rough reception he had received.

"Oh, that's all right; I know these rascals. I've been out on a camp hunt with them; but I didn't dream that they would give me such a reception in their own house."

"Say, don't you go to finding fault," said Terry threateningly. "It is only about sixty yards to the lake out in front of here. We've ducked many a chap like you for being too free with his tongue."

"Tom, old fellow," said Fred, "you are looking well, but the question is, are you feeling well?"

"Yes; never felt better in my life."

"All right then; if you get sick here the Evelyn Olcott Hospital up on the hill can take care of you, with some of the best physicians in the state as well as nurses. If you should die there is an undertaking establishment in the place who keeps ready made coffins on hand for emergencies."

"Oh my, Fred, do stop such talk as that," said Evelyn. "When you young men get together you proceed to call up some gruesome subject."

It was a lively party, and Tom was kept busy answering questions as well as asking some himself. He wanted to know if any of his old classmates at Yale had put in an appearance.

"Yes, there are several of them here, and I dare say that never in the history of Harvard and Yale has so many of their alumni gotten together as we will have here, and it is going to make an epoch in the history of both institutions."

"Fred, how is it that none of you wrote to me about that?"

"Because we were too busy. We knew that you would be notified from Yale, and we knew also that you'd be welcomed by us as soon as you showed up."

"Well, you are pretty well crowded, ain't you?"

"Yes, but no more than we expected. To-morrow my parents, the Olcott family and the Duncans will come up, and each family has a cottage here of its own; so when they all get settled down these girls will live with their parents and this will be a regular bachelor's hall. But then the latch string will hang on the outside of their doors and we can call on them as often as we please."

Later in the evening Fred suggested to Tom that he send tickets down to Baltimore for his sister and her two schoolmates, and then wire to them to get ready to come up on invitation of Evelyn and Margie.

"All right; I'll do so."

Then they talked till midnight over old times.

The next morning they received a telegraphic dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia, as follows:

"I'm a coming."

"CLYDE BROOKS."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Fred, "don't I wish I knew

exactly what train Brooks would arrive on, for I'd fix up a reception for him that would make his head swim."

"Maybe he will wire us from New York," said Terry.

"I hope he will. There won't be a jollier man in New Era when he is here. He's as fond of fun as a seal is of fish, but hanged if I know whether he is coming with his wife or not."

"Well, I'll wager that he isn't," said Terry. "I've never met Mrs. Brooks, but I'm half inclined to think that he can have a great deal more fun when she isn't around watching him. He has been married several years, you know, and I guess he has drifted back among his old bachelor friends again. It's unfortunate that some married men will go that way."

"Well, you want to see to it that you don't turn off that way yourself," remarked Fred.

"I don't think there's any danger of that."

That morning the mail addressed to the members of the New Era Company amounted to more than a hundred letters. They were from friends all over the country.

Some were mere notices that the writers were coming up to see the great boat race as well as the battle of the yachts on the lake, and requests were made that quarters be retained for them.

"By George, boys," said Terry, "we have got our hands full; we certainly can't find quarters for all these."

"Well, we'll do our best. Send Tom Hogan around to the hotels with the letters in his hand and let him see what he can do."

"No use in that," said Terry, shaking his head, "for with the hotel men it is: 'First come, first served.' They won't reserve a room for a man, holding it three or four days, if another one comes along and wants it immediately, and it is not to be expected that they should."

"Telephone over to the National."

Terry did so, and found that magnificent house was filled only about half full, for, as the reader knows, it is on the other side of the lake, outside of New Era.

"All right," Terry 'phoned back to the manager. "I think we can fill you up within forty-eight hours, for applications are pouring in on us by the hundreds."

"All right. We can take care of at least five hundred."

The entire batch was at once consigned to the National.

The letters were sent over for the manager to read and communicate with the writers, which they did by wire at considerable expense.

"Now, Tom, old fellow," said Fred, "make yourself at home; stroll around where you please. Sorry we can't devote any time to showing you about for the next few days, as we were never so busy in our lives as we are now."

"Go ahead," said Tom. "If I can render you any assistance put me to work; would be glad to help you out."

"Ah, you would be in the way!" Fred laughed. "We would have to supply you with a guide to watch and keep you out of trouble or from making mistakes."

That evening they took him down to the yacht club house.

All of them were in their evening dress suits, and Tom,

being a brilliant conversationalist and a handsome fellow, was welcomed by the young ladies of the cottages along the lake front.

He was a good singer, a splendid dancer, and his politeness and gallantry was up to the highest standard.

Before midnight he was devoting himself almost exclusively to Miss Trainor, who seemed to be greatly pleased with him, and it was evident to all that he was smitten himself.

The next day she was making inquiries of Evelyn and Margie as to what they knew about him.

Certainly they didn't know much, but they told her that he was a member of a wealthy Baltimore family, a Yale graduate, and a warm personal friend of Fred, Terry and the other members of the New Era Company.

"Look here, Fred," Tom inquired of Fearnot confidentially, "do you know all about the Trainors?"

"Yes, I do. The old man is a retired Wall Street broker. He owns a cottage on the lake front, and is all right socially and financially; but what's the matter with you, are you hard hit?"

"I'm afraid I am. I never met a girl who came up to my ideal so well as she does."

"All right, then. If you wish me to do so I'll put the stamp of my approval on her, and for her benefit I'll mark you O. K."

"Oh, that's all right," and the two friends laughed and chatted in the highest spirits.

Tom was also smitten with the commodore. He remarked that she was the most queenly looking woman he had ever seen, but he knew before he was introduced to her that she was Joe Jencks' girl, and that they were probably engaged.

Dick Duncan, though, whispered to Margie that he really believed that Tom could capture the Widow Emmons, as that beauty was quite taken with him.

"I know she is," said Margie, "but he is evidently smitten with Miss Trainor. Those Southerners are impetuous fellows, you know, and, she gives him the least bit of encouragement he will lay siege to her heart like an old-time cavalier."

During the day the two college boat crews were out on the lake and thousands of people along the shore were gazing at them.

The girls ordered Mose to hitch up the carriage and Evelyn and Margie invited Tom to drive, with Miss Trainor sitting along side of him.

They drove around the lake, visited the Wild West Show and the circus, and probably Tom Travis never enjoyed a day more in his life.

Then Miss Trainor invited him to call on her at her home on the lake front.

Evelyn and Margie were satisfied that that was the beginning of a very ardent courtship.

In the evening the two were dancing again at the yacht club.

Evelyn and Margie made up their minds to make it a match if they could, and naturally they became deeply in-

terested in the task. They were happy themselves and wanted to make others so.

The boys were astonished on the third day after receiving Clyde Brooks' dispatch by his walking in on them at the office of the New Era Company.

Fred and Terry were there, but Joe and Dick were out, all very busy.

They gave him a cordial reception and told him they would take care of him if he was willing to lodge in a room of four and behave himself.

"That's all right," said the Georgia lawyer. "What's the matter with putting a dozen in with us?"

"Four is the limit. I know what it is to sleep in a close room."

"Thunder, you can't put me in a close room! Haven't you got any windows to your bedroom?"

"Yes."

"All right, if they are not kept open I'll pull out the sashes and throw them away. I once put up at a friend's house in Augusta, Georgia, and it was rather too cool for the windows to be opened, but I came very near suffocating. I got up in the middle of the night, tried to open the window, as I thought, and, not being able to do so, I ran my fist through two panes of glass; went back to bed and slept like a top. The next morning when I awoke, I found that I had smashed two panes of glass in a bookcase, and since then I've wondered if it is really true that a man's imagination could work on him while he was asleep?"

"Well, how about it? Have you solved the problem?"

"No; I confess that I haven't. But I want you to solve the problem of getting my trunk down to the cottage, for it is still up at the station; and then I want to wash off the dust of travel."

"Look here, Brooks, why didn't you bring your wife with you?"

"She wouldn't come; claimed that she didn't feel well enough to follow me through a crowd that would number many thousands every day in the week."

"Oh, I guess you didn't urge her very strenuously."

"Yes, I did; I promised to look after her as ardently as I did before we were married, but she laughed, kissed me, good-bye and told me to have a good time."

"All right; we'll see that you have a good time."

Fred at once sent up to the depot for Brooks' trunk, had it taken to the cottage and placed in the room occupied by Joe, Dick and Tom Travis.

He was introduced to the others, who gave him a cordial welcome.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INCIDENT OF THE RACES.

The girls had moved out of the Fearnot cottage to reside with their parents during their stay at New Era. Margie's two cousins came up with her mother and father.

The entire Olcott family was settled in Terry's cottage,

and a happier lot of children than Terry's little brothers and sisters would have been hard to find; but they had all been there before. A nurse had to be employed to look after the little ones on account of the great crowd that came in every day, and to keep them from falling off the dock into the water, as it was difficult to keep them from going there.

Brooks, being a lawyer, was very anxious to make Judge Fearnot's acquaintance, and Mr. Olcott's, and as all three of them were very fond of a good cigar they would get together of evenings, talk, crack jokes and have a jolly time; but there was no young man present who was more attentive to the ladies than Brooks was, notwithstanding he was a married man and a father. Being a guest of Fred and Terry the girls never refused to entertain him, but every once in a while either Fred, Terry, Dick or Joe played him a trick in the way of a practical joke that fairly made his head swim.

"You want to look out for those boys," said Mr. Olcott, "for no matter how busy they may be, they'll always take time to play you a trick. It's fortunate for you that just now they are so busy that they can give very little time to amusement."

"Well, I've been to many places of resort," said Brooks, "but this beats anything I was ever up against. One can find almost any sort of amusement that he wants. He can actually sit on the piazza of the club house and catch his weight in fish in a few hours; he can go rowing, sailing on the yachts, attend horse races, the circus and animal show, the Wild West Show, and the Lord only knows what else. And those boys seem to be the moving spirit of it all. They came down to Georgia on a little real estate business, and whilst there a little child was stolen, and all the detectives of the State almost were baffled, but they went in, chased the abductors all over the upper part of the State and finally landed them."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Olcott. "They are good at that sort of thing and enjoy it. They frequently laugh and say that whenever they get after a fellow they make it a rule to fetch him before they let up."

At last the gala week opened, and on Monday the great crowd was more than doubled. Quite a number of famous horses had been announced to race that day, and all the forenoon extra excursion trains arrived every few minutes. Some of them got off at a side track five miles away from the regular station at New Era, that they might more readily reach the grand stand at the head of the lake and make their way along the great boulevard race tracks to seats under the shade of the trees.

On the grandstand the New Era Company always had reserved for themselves and their immediate friends a private box that would seat as many as thirty.

A guard was always at the entrance to it, and no one was permitted to enter without a permit, or else accompanied by either one of the boys or the girls.

Of course the Dunean, Fearnot and Olcott families had season tickets for seats in that particular box. Brooks was given one also, but the fellow's insatiate curiosity caused

him to drive down the race track to satisfy himself that there was a row of seats under the shade of the trees along the entire course of the track six miles long.

They were made of plain undressed boards, but they were comfortable, and the guard rail was in front of them all the way up to prevent accidents.

No unruly horse on the course could plunge either into the lake on the left or among the spectators on the right. The trees had been trimmed up high enough to enable spectators to witness the yacht and the boat races on the water.

"Well, it beats anything I ever saw," said Brooks, "and it is still more marvelous that such a thing is maintained for the free use of the public."

He then returned and took a seat on the grandstand with the ladies.

Travis was there with Miss Trainor. He didn't care a snap for the races. All his attention was given to the beautiful young lady by his side.

No charges were made for anything, but no man was permitted to take a seat on the grandstand unless accompanied by a lady, for it was reasoned that a man could stand during the few hours the races were on much better than could the other sex.

It required a pretty strong police guard to keep the mob from monopolizing the seats.

Of course, if, when the races began, the seats were not all occupied by those entitled to them, anybody could occupy them.

"It's absolutely necessary," Terry explained, "to exert some authority to compel men to show due deference to the ladies. Now, of the thousands that come up daily, there are a great many who would keep their seats and let the ladies stand, particularly if they were strangers to them."

"That's the case everywhere," said Brooks, "but down South we are more polite to the ladies than in the average crowd up North. I remember once traveling down in Florida. A drummer had a seat in a car, with his umbrella, overcoat and valise occupying the other half of it. The train was pretty well filled, and it stopped at a little town where the drummer got off to walk around. When it started again he returned to his seat and found that a couple of ladies had placed his baggage on the floor and were occupying the seat. He claimed the seat and insisted that one of them should get up. The ladies were very much astonished, and both arose and stood in the aisle. A half dozen Southerners witnessed it, and were so indignant that they arose, seized the drummer and threw him off the train."

"It's a wonder they didn't lynch him," said Mr. Olcott.

"Well, they would, but there was nothing to hang him to on the train, and the conductor wouldn't stop the train to give them a chance. The drummer sued the road for damages, but I never heard what became of it; but there is one thing pretty certain about it, that he never behaved that way again. It's a mighty dangerous thing, let me tell you, for a man down South to insult a lady, for the people won't stand it."

"Well, they won't stand it up here, either, but we are more given to letting the law take its course."

"Oh, yes! That's well enough. Being a lawyer I prefer to see the law takes its course myself, but you know how it is; the law's delay frequently wears out the patience of an impetuous people. Down South, every man considers himself the protector of the other sex, and if he kills another whilst protecting a woman, no jury will ever punish him for it."

The conversation was interrupted by great roaring far down the race course, and everyone knew that the flying steeds were coming.

From the grandstand they could be seen nearly three-quarters of a mile away, and everyone became, not only deeply interested, but greatly excited. As the splendid steeds dashed in under the wire everyone cheered. Few of them cared which won, for they were all there to see the beautiful animals and watch their performances.

One race followed another in rapid succession.

Then came the chariot races. That created the most excitement of all. There was a young lady in each chariot, with a gentleman by her side.

The ladies drove and as they whizzed by, with their hair streaming far out behind them, it reminded people of the old days of the Olympic games in Ancient Greece.

Of course sporting men everywhere were staking money on the result of the races.

It was the first chariot race that many present had ever seen.

Brooks was wildly enthusiastic over it, and he declared his intention, if permitted to do so, to participate in one of them sometime during the week.

Fred was not on the grandstand with the ladies, for the reason that he was probably the busiest man in all New Era at the time. He was the ruling spirit, and almost every few minutes was appealed to by somebody upon questions of differences that had arisen. Several sporting men came to him claiming that a famous horse had been put on the track under another name, and that many of them had lost money backing another one against him.

They declared it a rank swindle and thought the New Era Company should protect them against it.

"Gentlemen," said Fred, "I know nothing about it, and I am not the one for you to appeal to to settle any bets made. If a horse has been entered under an assumed name, it was a swindle of course, but the New Era Company and its managers are in no way responsible for it. I would advise every one of you to refuse to pay your losses in a case of that kind, if you can establish the fact that the horse has been entered under another name."

"Well, we've put up our money, and we can't get it," said one.

"Who of you can swear that a well-known race horse, with a record, has been entered under another name?" Fred asked.

"I can!"

"I can!" responded a dozen or so.

"Very well, then; I'll go with you to see the owner of the horse," and they went to the barns and stables at the lower end of the course where the horses were kept.

There the horse was pointed out to him. The owner admitted that the horse had been entered under another name, but claimed that he had the right to do it, saying that he had not backed him with any money himself, and that he wasn't responsible for any other man's bets.

"Now, look here," said Fearnot, "that is a trick that will not be tolerated on this race course. You have the right to call your horse by any name you please. No man questions that, but the entering him on a race course on a name that the public is not familiar with is not only dishonorable, but a rank swindle."

"Do you mean to call me a swindler?" the man asked.

"Yes, if you were guilty of doing that thing."

"Well, you want to take that back, Mr. Fearnot."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. You must take your horse away from here, and under no circumstances will a horse owned by you be permitted to race on this course again, if we know that it belongs to you. Above all things we insist upon fair play and honorable dealings."

"Say, Fearnot, you want to take that back," and the sporting man reached around for his hip pocket as he spoke.

The fellow had a dangerous look in his eyes, and the sporting men around began backing away, fearing that bullets would soon be flying.

Fred reached back for his gun, though he didn't have one with him, looked the man straight in the face, and said:

"Draw it out. I'm willing to settle it that way with you," and there they stood facing each other, each with his hand in his hip pocket.

Of course the sporting man knew what a dead shot Fearnot was, and he was well aware, too, of his utter fearlessness.

It was a moment of terrible suspense to the witnesses of the scene.

"Why don't you draw?" Fearnot asked. "If you wish it, some one can count three and we'll both draw."

"Well, see here, you have done me a great injustice," said the other.

"No, I haven't. I'll repeat what I said; that your conduct is that of a dishonest man, a daring swindler, and that for the rest of your life you are ruled off this track."

The fellow's face turned white, and for a moment it looked as though he was going to draw his weapon; but Fearnot was looking him straight in the eyes in a way that actually bluffed him.

"Oh, look here, gentlemen," said another, "what's the use of fighting about it?"

"I don't want to fight," said Fred, "but I'll defend myself. Take his hand off his gun and I will let go of mine."

The man went up to the other, not only pulled his hand from his hip pocket, but took possession of the weapon.

Another undertook to do the same for Fred, but finding no weapon there he exclaimed:

"By George, he hasn't any gun!"

Had the other not taken the bully's gun away from him, he would have shot Fred then and there.

As it was he sprang at him to clutch him by the throat.

He was a muscular fellow, had some knowledge of sparring, but he was lacking in the skill and terrific activity of

Fearnot. The result was that in less than thirty seconds he was in a condition to be sent to the hospital.

Then they were separated, and again Fred repeated the order that he and his horse should leave the race track.

"Now, gentlemen," Fred added, turning to those who had lost money on the race, "I advise you to go to the stakeholder and demand your money."

The stakeholder was way up at the other end of the course, and the men made a break to reach there as quickly as possible before the wagers should be paid.

There was a telephone, however, between the two ends of the track, and Fearnot telephoned suggesting that he do not pay out any stakes on that particular race.

Fortunately he was in time, for the stakeholder was then about to hand over the stakes to several parties who were demanding them.

He was a square sporting man, and knew Fearnot would not have 'phoned him such a message without good cause; but raised a tremendous row among those who had won on the race. Terry and Dick Duncan were required, together with nearly a dozen guards, to prevent an actual fight.

Terry 'phoned back to Fred for information, and soon got it.

"Gentlemen, the bets on that race are off," he said. "That horse is a famous racer with a record, and he was entered under an assumed name entirely unknown to the sporting public. Such things as that will not be countenanced on this course."

Still some of the sporting men insisted that the change of name had nothing to do with it: they were simply betting on the horses.

"Say, if you are that kind of a man," remarked Terry, "you've got no business among square sporting men."

The fellow ripped out several fiery oaths and the next moment his nose was smashed.

One of his friends undertook to interfere and quickly found himself up against Dick Duncan.

The reader well knows the readiness of those two boys to take part in a "scrap."

The guards, of course, stopped the trouble right there.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPENING OF FRED FEARNOT'S BIG DAY.

The trouble with the sporting men created quite a flurry of excitement for a while, and Mary Hamilton, who could see Terry from where she was sitting in the grandstand, became almost panic stricken when she saw Terry resent the man's language with a blow on his nose.

She was sitting near Evelyn, who was alongside of Brooks, and gasped out:

"Oh, look! They are fighting."

Every one of them rose to their feet, and saw Dick interfere to protect Terry from another party.

"Just look at Dick!" she said. "He won't let another one attack Terry."

"What's the trouble?" Brooks asked.

"Indeed I don't know!" replied Evelyn. "But they are bound to have a little trouble every day."

"Well, you don't seem to be uneasy," and the lawyer looked down upon her as though a little surprised.

"No: I used to be very uneasy, but those boys can always take care of themselves. They never fight unless they have to, and then they fight to win."

Just then Joe Jencks was seen hurrying to the spot, and Evelyn laughingly remarked:

"There goes another fighter from the headwaters of Bitter Creek."

Of course others who saw the trouble rushed forward, expecting to see a fight, and for a few minutes all interest was centered on that particular spot.

In due time Fearnot appeared, having arrived on horseback from the lower end of the race track, and he told the sporting men that the horse they staked their money on had been entered under a different name other than that by which he was known, and that therefore he had not only been ruled off the track, but that all bets were off."

"What right have you to order any bets off?" some one asked.

"None whatever, legally, but a man who will claim a bet won under such circumstances is not the sort of men we want around here. We will not permit any such things as that done on this race track."

"Well, the other fellows would have taken our money."

"Not if they were honorable men, after learning the facts," retorted Fred. "An honest man won't take money that way."

"Say, do you mean to say that I'm a dishonest man?"

"That depends upon whether you take that money or not. If you do, you are just about as dishonest as a man can become. If you are an honorable man you'll give up your claim to it. There's no use getting mad about it. You know it as well as I do, and so does every other square man on these grounds."

Scores of men shouted their approval of his remarks, and the other fellows very promptly shut up.

In a little while another race was announced, and all the way up the track the roaring of the crowd along the course accompanied the racers.

By and by the sounds reached the grandstand, faintly at first, but increased in volume as the steeds approached.

Fred sent back the horse he had ridden and joined Brooks and the girls on the grandstand.

"Fearnot, you are a busy man," remarked the lawyer.

"Yes, I haven't had five minutes' time to myself or the girls since breakfast this morning."

"What was the trouble, Fred?" Judge Fearnot asked, leaning forward from the third seat behind him.

"Why, the owner of a well-known race horse entered him under an unknown name and scooped a lot of sporting men who backed the other horse. Somebody recognized the animal and there was a lot of trouble. I ruled the owner and

the horse both off the track down at the other end, and had a little 'scrap' with him. At that time it looked as though there would be a lot of shooting or cutting done."

"Well, has anybody been hurt?"

"Only a couple of noses smashed, I believe. But every season we have little troubles of that kind. We have to keep a keen lookout for race track rascalities. We don't want a man to go back home and report that he came up here and lost his money unfairly. Of course we don't encourage betting, but one might as well attempt to dam the water of Niagara as to stop men from betting when horses are racing. We've never tried to stop it other than advising against it."

"Well, betting is against the law, you know."

"Yes, I know that, but the law can't stop it, and as we are not officers of the law we don't intend to try to stop it by any legal proceedings."

"Say, Fearnot," laughed Lawyer Brooks. "you are not half as green as you look."

"I've been told that before," he laughed, "but several parties have asked me to-day what greenhorn that is who is stopping with us at our cottage. Of course we gave them your name, and added that you were under our protection."

"All right," he returned. "If any of them want to do me just tell them to pitch in."

"Oh, you think you are not as green as you look, eh?"

"Yes; I'm egotistical enough to think so."

"Well, you haven't been here long enough yet. We've got a detective keeping his eye on you to prevent you from being roped in by sharpers."

"Say, Brooks," laughed Judge Fearnot, "I wouldn't stand that sort of thing if I were you."

"That's all right, Judge. As he says, I haven't been here long enough yet; but before I go away he'll be somewhat like the eagle who picked up a cat for a rabbit."

"Mr. Brooks," laughed Evelyn, "I really do wish you could play some joke on him that would beat any of his. All four of the New Era Company had rather play a joke than to earn a thousand dollars."

"All right; I'm a little that way myself. I may call on you to help play one on him."

"Oh, excuse me, please! Don't get me mixed up in it, for all of us girls know to our sorrow what it is to be victims of their joking propensities. I think Margie is the only one of us who ever got the best of them. Mr. Duncan came in one evening with a very well decorated optic. He wouldn't tell how he got it, and we were told all sorts of stories. Finally Margie wrote out about a dozen little notices, offering ten dollars reward for the man who hit Dick Duncan, and had them posted up all around the town. It fairly took him off his feet, and he almost down on his knees in his confession as to how he got the black eye. He has been a little careful ever since about playing practical jokes on her."

"Well, that's a good one," laughed the lawyer.

That evening there were dances at all the big hotels, at the Widow Emmons' pavilion, and at the yacht club house, down on the lake, but quite early in the evening a messenger

arrived at the Fearnot cottage, saying that three young ladies were up at the depot waiting for Mr. Travis.

"Great Scott! They must be the girls," said Tom, who was preparing to go out to escort Miss Trainor to the dance at the Widow Emmons' pavilion.

He hurried up to the station, accompanied by Terry, whilst Moses was hurriedly hitching up the carriage.

Sure enough it was Tom's sister and her two schoolmates, and pretty girls they were.

Terry had met Miss Travis, and one of her cousins, Miss Atwood, but the other young lady he had never seen.

"Look here, why didn't you wire me when you would reach here?" Tom asked of his sister.

"Why, I did, Tom. I wired to you from New York."

"Never got it."

"Well, it's all right," said Terry. "Quarters are provided for you at Judge Fearnot's cottage, and the carriage will be here in a few minutes."

Just then black Mose arrived with the carriage; the girls and their parcels were put into it, and were driven down to the cottage, whilst Mose looked after their trunks.

Of course Margie gave them a cordial reception, and they were hurried up to the room that had been reserved for them.

A few minutes later Evelyn came in and met them.

"My," said Miss Travis, "all of you girls are dressed as if you were going to a ball."

"We are," laughed Margie. "There's a dozen balls going to-night and it isn't at all too late for you to get on your ball dresses and go with us."

The new arrivals couldn't resist the temptation, notwithstanding the long journey they had just finished.

"Miss Travis," said Margie, "you are here just in time, for your brother is the most thoroughly mashed young man I think I ever saw."

That startled the young lady, and she eagerly inquired all about it.

"Oh, the girl is all right! She's just everything you could wish in a sister-in-law, in the matter of beauty, amiability, wealth and social standing."

"Well, we all thought our brother was going to develop into a crusty old bachelor. We think that Baltimore has some of the prettiest girls in the world, but he never seemed to care anything for them."

"Where is she from?" Miss Travis asked.

"She is from New York. Her father is a retired Wall Street man, and they own a beautiful cottage here."

"Well, that will be a surprise to mother."

"Yes, it was a surprise to all of us here, for brother and Terry often told us that they believed he was a woman-hater. But he is anything else but that now."

Margie and her waiting maid hurriedly assisted the young ladies to fix themselves up for the ball, and inside of an hour the transformation was something marvelous.

They were all three very pretty, but now they looked pictures of loveliness almost indescribable.

Tom, knowing that the girls were dressing, hurried to the Trainor cottage to acquaint Miss Trainor with the fact that

his sister and her two schoolmates had arrived, and offered to escort her to the Widow Emmons' cottage and leave her there until he brought the girls, who were stopping at Judge Fearnot's cottage.

"Brother, where is your girl?" his sister asked.

"Waiting for you over at the pavilion," was the reply.

"Are you engaged?"

"Well, I'm engaged to her for the evening."

"That isn't what I mean? Are you engaged to her for life?"

"Lord, but I wish I was," he replied.

"Well, I'm going to write mother about you to-morrow."

"See here, ladies," and he turned to Evelyn and Margie, "what have you been telling sister?"

"Oh, I've heard all about you," laughed the Baltimore beauty.

They all went out together to the Emmons pavilion, where there was a gay crowd whirling through the mazes of the waltz.

The girls were at once introduced to the fair hostess, and she welcomed each of them with a kiss, saying:

"Every friend of the Fearnots and the Oleotts are friends of mine."

In a little while Margie had whispered into Miss Travis' ears that if she would look in a certain direction she would see Miss Trainor. She did so, gazed at her in silence for nearly a minute and then remarked:

"She's a beauty."

"Indeed she is!" whispered Margie, "and she is as good as she is beautiful."

In a little while the two girls were introduced and at once seemed to take a fancy to each other.

It was nearly midnight when Terry and Dick asked permission of Mrs. Emmons for them to take the girls down to the Yacht Club, and let them see what was going on there.

She consented and they paid a visit to the place where the rival college boat crews were stopping.

There, too, a gay assemblage awaited them. Dancing had been going on continuously for hours.

The girls were led out on the porch that overhung the waters of the lake, and as the electric lights flickered all along the opposite shore, the scene was one of great beauty.

The three newcomers retired after midnight, almost worn out, for they had traveled hundreds of miles, and had danced at least two hours after their arrival.

The next day Tom Travis had to devote much of his time to his sisters and cousins, but he would have given big pay for escorts to take them off his hands.

The girls, however, invited them on board the yachts, for the yacht races were to take place that day.

The Baltimore girl declared that the whole thing was like a fairy scene.

They were on board the Evelyn during the race, and it was the most exciting time they had ever had in their lives.

There were nearly a dozen races run; a fine breeze was
(Continued on page 23.)

OUT TO-DAY!

OUT TO-DAY!

A Fine Indian Story by

FRED FEARNOT.

It Is Fred's Latest Effort at Story Writing, and
We Consider It a Masterpiece. The Story Is
Entitled: ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

“WHO WON?”

A Story of Two Boys and Forty Indians.

BE SURE AND READ IT.

You Can Find It In

No. 392 of HAPPY DAYS.

**The Best Story Paper for Old and
Young Published.** ♪ ♪ ♪

OUT TO-DAY!

OUT TO-DAY!

(Continued from page 20.)

blowing and it turned out that the Widow Emmons' yacht, named the Beatrice, made the fastest run of the day, and the gay little beauty was almost beside herself with joy and enthusiasm. She was captain herself, wore a beautiful uniform, and promptly accepted the first challenge that was offered her.

It was by a rich old Buffalo millionaire, who owned a cottage up near the Markam house.

He had a crew of boon companions on board, together with his wife and a number of other ladies.

She beat him badly.

"Say, don't you know better than to race against a beautiful woman?" his wife asked him.

"Well, I know it now, but I didn't before."

"All right then. You are not too old to learn yet."

The races were witnessed by a vast crowd on both sides of the lake.

Amalie won a race; Margie and Dick lost one, were badly beaten, and both of them were greatly disappointed; but late in the afternoon they raced again, and won.

Fred and Evelyn won a race, but the yachts were so evenly matched and managed that they won by scarcely half a boat's length.

Terry and Mary lost one.

Of course there were great crowds at the Wild West Show, but horse racing was off for the day.

The next day horse racing was resumed, and three baseball games were played by crack teams, one from Philadelphia, the other from Brooklyn; the third coming up from Utica. The New Era team didn't play at all, for they thought best to keep out of it.

The gate money amounted to an immense sum, and it turned out that each of the three nines won a game, so all hands were happy.

The next day the inter-collegiate boat race was to come off, and thousands of visitors remained over, fearing that if they didn't do so they would not be able to find quarters the next day.

As Fred and Terry had expected, the crowds poured in from every quarter.

The race was to take place at three o'clock, hence all the forenoon and even the afternoon crowded excursion trains kept pouring in.

There never was such an assemblage of college men seen before on the continent.

Up at the Wild West Show the colors of Yale decorated the right, and the Harvard the left. There were fully three or four thousand seats on each side, all under shelter, whilst the vast arena, covering about eight acres of ground, was occupied by long tables ready to receive the barbecue meat.

The pits had been dug outside the inclosure, where, ever since midnight the roasting had been going on, under the superintendency of Black Mose, who permitted nothing to be sent in to the table before he had personally inspected it; when he pronounced it good, it was good.

About ten o'clock the alumni of each institution began gathering. The Harvard men with their wives and families

took seats on the left, and the Yale on the right, thus facing each other.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREAT MEETING OF YALE AND HARVARD.

Fred, with the boys and girls, was about to join the college men when Professor Brown's hired man brought him a note.

"MY DEAR FRED," it ran, "Professor Lambert, his wife and daughter, together with Professor Tracy, have just arrived, and are here at my house. Of course they all wish to see you. Yours sincerely,

"'FARMER' BROWN."

"Great Scott!" Fred exclaimed, when he read the note, "we'll have to run around there, boys, even if we miss the gathering of the alumni."

"Yes, of course we will," assented Terry, "and I move that when we get in sight of the house that we make a foot-race of it just to show them how glad we are to see them."

"Oh, it is too warm a day for that," protested Dick. "We ought to take the girls along to give the Advocate and her mother a welcome."

"All right. Just tell Mose to hitch up the carriage, and let the girls drive around there."

"All right. I'll hitch up my rig, for if Eunice and her mother wish to attend, there won't be room enough in the carriage for them, if all the girls go in it."

"I'll hitch up mine, too," said Terry.

About thirty minutes later Evelyn, Mary and Margie and Amalie were at Professor Brown's home, and the boys showed up a few minutes later.

Of course it was a royal greeting as well as a happy one.

The boys kissed the hands of the mother and daughter, and warmly shook those of the professor.

They were all looking well.

"Professor," said Fred, addressing the head of the famous Avon Academy, "we deeply regret that you didn't come down several days earlier."

"Well, we were in no hurry," was the reply. "The great reunion wasn't to take place until to-day."

"Very true. But you've missed three days of pleasant companionship with old friends and classmates. Father has been here since Saturday, and Mr. Olcott is here, also; in fact, all the families."

Then, turning to Professor Brown, Fred inquired:

"Have you got room enough in the house to take care of your visitors?"

"Oh, yes; but there isn't room for any more."

"All right, then. I believe the girls want to take charge of the Advocate."

"Why, of course we do," said Evelyn. "She must stay with us. We are in our cottage now. It's pretty full, but we've got room for her." And then, turning to Eunice,

she suggested that she lose no time in dressing for the meeting of the college men."

"Why, it will take me an hour," said Eunice.

"That doesn't matter. It wouldn't be too late if it took two hours, for the meeting is to last the greater part of the day, or at least till three o'clock."

Eunice was at once conducted to the Fearnot cottage, where Mrs. Fearnot and the other ladies gave her a hearty welcome.

Her trunk arrived with her, and she lost no time in getting ready for the meeting.

She was a splendid dresser, and with the assistance of the other girls, was soon royally arrayed.

In the meantime Judge Fearnot called on Professors Lambert and Tracy at the Browns' home, and the two old friends enjoyed the meeting like a pair of schoolboys.

The New Era Company had laid in over a thousand fine Havana cigars for their special friends.

The judge and Professors Lambert and Tracy were inveterate smokers.

"Professors," Dick Duncan asked of Tracy, "why don't you follow Professor Brown's example and become a farmer as well as a benedict? You are getting along in life now, and some sweet girl somewhere in the world is waiting for you."

"That's a problem I'm trying to solve," said the little professor. "You boys are evidently happy down here, and I needn't be informed that Brown is too, for that is plainly visible all over him, from head to feet."

"Oh, you ought to see him a year hence!" laughed Dick. "He will be so stout that he will have to have either a goat-cart or a donkey, for convenience of locomotion."

"Not a bit of it," said Brown. "The stouter I get the stronger I am, and the better I sleep."

"Well, you would advise him to follow your example, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, I'll wait awhile and see how things are," returned Tracy.

"All right. We've got another little farm like Farmer Brown's here, which we can let you have; and by and by we'll build a great agricultural college on some of these hills overlooking the lake, and put you at the head of it."

"Excuse me, please. I've got to learn something about farming before I can take such a position as that."

"That isn't at all necessary. You can teach the theory with able assistants, practical farmers to do the demonstration."

About an hour later Fred's party conducted the visitors from Avon up to the Wild West Show inclosure.

The Fearnot private box was still reserved for them, but Professor Tracy, being a graduate of Harvard, went over on the left to find a seat with the Harvard men.

He was passing along in front of the great crowd, every one of either sex wearing the colors of the institution, when several voices called out to him:

"Here, Tracy, old boy," and, looking around, he recognized many old classmates and friends.

He was soon shaking hands with them.

On the other side, Fred led his father, Professors Lambert and Brown, together with the ladies, to the Fearnot private box.

As soon as the Yale men saw him some of them began calling out:

"Fearnot! Fearnot! Fearnot!"

Hundreds of the old Yale men, some of them with grey heads, others bald-headed, began inquiring:

"Where is he?"

"Where is he?"

He was soon pointed out, and they began giving the college yell at him.

It was a continuous roar of cheering and greeting for several minutes.

When it quieted down, a strong-lunged Harvard man from the other side sang out:

"Fred Fearnot, stand up and let us see you."

"Oh, my! Fred, the Harvard men are calling for you!" said Evelyn, her eyes sparkling and cheeks glowing, for she was very proud of the enthusiastic reception they were disposed to give him.

Fred stood up with the Yale colors pinned to the lapel of his coat, and bowed over in the direction of the Harvard crowd.

"There he is! There he is!" sang out many who knew him, and the great crowd rose up and sent the great Harvard cry rolling over the vast arena.

Fred bowed in every direction.

Then the Yale men cheered the Harvard boys in return for the compliment to their young champion, and thus it went back and forth for some fifteen or twenty minutes.

Everybody was hilarious. The women cheered and waved fans, handkerchiefs and parasols.

They had all heard of the famous young athlete, and the wonderful enterprise that he was at the head of.

Any number of opera-glasses were levelled at the ladies in his box, and constant inquiries were being made as to which of them was the beautiful mascot who traveled over the country with the famous Fred Fearnot Nine.

Then the band played, and half an hour or so was spent in social intercourse of the graduates of each institution.

Then Fred Fearnot rose to his feet in the grandstand, and called for order.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he sang out in a very loud tone of voice, so that every one in the vast inclosure could hear him, "as the head of the New Era Company, it is my pleasing duty to give you a cordial welcome to the hospitality of New Era on this most auspicious occasion. It is not my intention to make a speech, except to use just enough words to impress upon your minds the sincerity of our welcome. I believe it is the first time in the history of the two institutions when such a gathering as this occurred. In all athletic sports there has been a generous rivalry between Harvard and Yale. Victory rested first with one, and then with the other, but at the same time it was a manly rivalry. Both institutions not only turn out well educated men, but they give to the world manly men. Both have given to

the country intellectual giants, whose achievements reflected glory upon their alma mater, and that rivalry which produces manly men and intellectual giants is the kind of rivalry we need in all the institutions of our great republic. To-day the New Era Company wishes to have the alumni of both institutions sit together at the same table as their guests, after which we will gather on the shores of our beautiful lake to witness the rivalry of the representative boat crews of each institution, and may the best crew win."

It was a short speech, but aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

The cheering lasted for several minutes.

Then the speaker for Harvard arose on the other side and responded. He was a splendid orator, an elderly man, who had made a reputation in the Congress of the United States, and after him came one of the old graduates of Yale, and he, too, proved to be a fine orator.

The others on the programme followed.

The Yale Glee Club sang, followed by the Harvard Club, and as the vast crowd joined in the choruses, it was a scene rarely witnessed anywhere in this country.

While the singing was going on, a side gate opened in the rear of the inclosure, and a line of at least fifty waiters, with white aprons and white caps, ran in with the steaming meats fresh from the barbecue pits.

They deposited quarters of beef, pork, mutton, and other things good for the inner man, in their proper places.

Then followed bread and cake, and all the accessories of a splendid open air banquet.

There were seats arranged the entire length of the long tables. Each table extended at least five hundred feet, and seats had been constructed for the occasion so that none would have to stand.

On either side the vast crowd looked on at the setting of the table, and inhaled and enjoyed the savory odors that greeted them.

"Oh, my! how good it smells," they heard hundreds of times.

Everything was hot, fresh from the pit, with the exception of the bread, cakes, pickles, and other things of that kind.

Black Mose was dressed in a snow-white uniform, and on his breast he wore the colors of both institutions.

When the alumni of Yale and Harvard saw him they laughed heartily and wondered what class he belonged to, and many called out to him for information.

Of course Mose merely grinned. He had no time to give them, for he was master of ceremonies, and attended strictly to his business.

By and by Terry Olcott, just before dinner was announced, stood and sang out:

"Men of Yale and Harvard, we are both about to enjoy an old-fashioned Southern barbecue, notwithstanding there is nothing here from the South except the chief cook, and he is an old Virginia dorky who has been in the service of the New Era Company ever since the town was founded. He's honest; he's faithful; he's brave and fearless. His head is as hard as a cannon ball, and in a fight it is battering-ram

that never fails to knock out anything that comes up against it. As a cook he is an artist, and what he doesn't know about barbecuing meats no man, white or black, in all this broad land does. I make this statement that he may receive his due share of appreciation from our guests to-day."

Many funny remarks were made by both Yale and Harvard men about the odors that came up to them from the table.

Mose pretended that he didn't hear a word that Terry was saying. It was unexpected to him, and when Terry sat down the tremendous roar of applause that came up from both sides caused him to stand up straight like a grenadier in the ranks.

Then he turned to the right and made a profound bow to the Yale men, then to the left and bowed to the Harvard men.

The next moment he was directing things in a masterly way.

So many waiters had been provided that inside of thirty minutes after the first dish was placed upon the table, the great feast was ready.

Then upon invitation both sides gathered at the tables nearest to them.

The ladies were carefully looked after and seated, and the feast began.

It continued for nearly two hours, and from all sides went up words of praise of the delicious barbecued meat.

The sauces that Mose had made and used so abundantly seemed to please every palate.

It is proper to mention here that, several days before, Terry had hinted to Mose that if he would have several hundred recipes for his sauces and directions how to barbecue different meats, he might probably sell them, for certainly many applications for them would be made.

Mose dictated the recipes and Terry wrote them down.

Hundreds of them were printed, and Mose had them in his pocket.

As he was directing the corps of waiters, requests for recipes were made to him as he ran here and there along the line of the table.

Finally one of the old Harvard boys sprang up on his seat and stated that while he was practically too full for utterance, he would make a desperate effort to express his opinion of the skill of the cook. He stated that he had been around the world, but never before in his life had he tasted meats more to his liking than what he had eaten that day, and the applause that ran along the table attested fully that the others agreed with him.

"Now, friends," sang out Terry, "we pay Mose, who is our cook, a good salary, and he is with us all the year round. We told him that if he could make anything off of this feast he could do so, and I suggested to him that he keep in his pocket printed recipes for barbecuing different meats, and whoever offered him a tip should receive one."

"Bring one here."

"Let me have one."

"I want one," came from hundreds of men seated at the tables, and at once Mose began handing them out.

They had all finished eating by that time, but retained their seats.

Songs were being sung. Speeches followed, and it was a grand, glorious reunion of the alumni of both institutions.

Fortunately for Mose, he had enough recipes, and it looked as though every man wanted one.

Some of them handed him as much as five dollars for one, but none less than fifty cents.

It was a harvest for him, and he gathered in hundreds of dollars, much to his delight, for, like old Shylock, he was very fond of gathering in shekels.

Before the meeting broke up Mose got his violin and stood up on one of the tables and played several old time plantation tunes, which the crowd greatly enjoyed.

He was the only colored man on the grounds, all the other waiters being white men, who were well paid.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," sang out Fearnot, "we'll all adjourn down to the lake shore, for the two crews are already in their boats waiting for the signal to start. By arrangement made with the owners of the cottages the docks are at your disposal. There are seats there for your convenience, and from there you can see the race from start to finish under the shade of trees, many of them a century old. To-night there will be balls at the Yacht Club House and all the large hotels. The Opera House will be opened for the gathering of the alumni where a programme of song and speeches will be carried out."

The great crowd then began pouring out of the inclosure, and as it was but a quarter of a mile walk down to the lake front, they were all soon gathered on the docks.

"Fred, my boy," said Professor Lambert, "this is the greatest college day ever seen on this continent. I am utterly unable to fix any limit for the New Era Company in the way of enterprise."

"Don't try it, professor," he laughed. "It is our intention some day in the near future to locate a great educational institution here on some of these hills overlooking the lake, and if you are alive when we do it, we will tender the presidency of it to you."

"Well, I can't leave Avon, my boy, for it is the idol of my heart. I appreciate it, though. I haven't forgotten what you once said about my resting somewhere on the academy grounds with a monument above me, placed there by the graduates of the academy."

"Well, if you go before I do, I'll see that that monument is placed there, professor, although the academy itself is a greater monument than any shaft that could be erected. Understand, now, that you are to remain here the rest of the week, for we want to see more of you. I want you to see the battle of the yachts on Saturday."

"All right; we will remain," said the professor.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE, AND YALE WINS.

It was a magnificent scene to look upon any of the docks on the west shore of the lake. Everywhere, from the dam

all the way up to the bridge, masses of people could be seen along the shores, eager to see the coming boat race between the crack crews of Harvard and Yale. There was every color of the rainbow in the dresses of the women and children.

It was a faultless day. A clear sky and atmosphere, and a ten-mile breeze was blowing.

The crews in their shells were waiting at the stake down near the dam for the signal to start.

On the docks where the college men and women waited to see the race, were seats and tables.

They were protected from intrusion by guards placed at the head of each dock; hence there was no crowding in those localities.

The college alumni had alternate docks.

At last the signal was given by the firing of a cannon so that all the spectators would know the exact moment the start was made.

Then the rival crews bent to their oars and started up toward the bridge, skimming through the water, which was as smooth as glass, with all the speed that trained muscles could produce.

Of course, the spectators on either shore had a side view of them and all the way up they could see that the boats were side by side, neither one ahead of the other; but the colors of each crew waved continuously the entire length of the course.

"Well, I must say," remarked Judge Fearnot to Professor Lambert, "that this is certainly an ideal place for a boat race. The water is as clear as crystal; the spectators are all splendidly shaded from the hot sun, and on the other side certainly they have all the seats the entire length of the race track."

"Yes," assented the professor; "we have been thinking, up at Avon, that we have a most excellent water course there, but it is not to be compared to this."

Of course the college people were very much excited. Old grey-haired men wore the colors of their alma mater, and many of them made little bets as to which crew would win, but as each dock had one college crowd, there was very little betting done. Had there been a lot of Yale men on a Harvard dock, or vice versa, there would have been no end of betting, for it is very rare to see a college man who hasn't sporting blood in him.

In order to afford an unobstructed view from every side, the yachts were all moored over at the little shipyard, and nobody was on them except the sailing masters.

At last they reached the turning-stake, and the rival crews came down on the home stretch.

There was a continuous roar of cheering and a waving of colors as they came down toward the dam.

Old men who had graduated thirty and forty years before whooped and yelled like boys again.

For awhile Harvard forged half a boat length ahead of Yale, and the news came down along the shore from the yelling spectators that Harvard was ahead.

Then the old Harvard men broke loose, some of them jumped up and tried to dance, notwithstanding the flight

of many years that had passed over them. Some of them hugged their wives. Other old grey-beards seized a pretty girl nearest to them, telling them that they had to shout or be hugged and kissed.

The old fellows had attended boat races before, but never one like this.

By and by Yale caught up with Harvard and forged ahead a few feet, and then the Yale men broke loose, and so three different times on the way down the crews changed positions. It was alternate hope and fear with both institutions.

"Fred, who is going to win?" Professor Lambert asked.

"It's hard to say, professor. I never saw the college crews in such fine trim as they are this season. They seem to be equally matched, but being a Yale man, I am, of course, hoping that the sons of Old Eli may prove victorious."

Fred had Eunice Lambert on his right; Evelyn on his left; but he was doing his best to amuse the former, whilst Evelyn was talking with Judge Fearnot and Professor Lambert most of the time.

"Fred, how is it that you are not in the race with the Yale men?" Eunice asked.

"Because the contest is between the two classes of the present year. Besides, I think that it ought to be that way in every race."

"Well, I do, too. I don't think they should put the champion from one class that has had its day against the younger ones; but we have no such rules up at Avon. Our senior class has been talking about having a race there next season, and I've heard your name mentioned several times as captain of the Academy crew."

"I hope they won't do that," said he; "yet if I can find the time to do so, I will be up there to see it, for my heart is still with old Avon."

"Yes; in her sports, I suppose so; but from all I can hear, your heart has long been in the keeping of another."

"Now don't begin teasing," he whispered.

"Oh, does it tease you?"

"No; but you think it does."

"I hear that you've made two or three matches down here, you and the girls together."

"Yes; it seems to be catching, and I've been so fortunate in that line that I feel disposed to congratulate myself. I think I have been indirectly, if not directly, instrumental in bringing about three or four matches. Sam Innes, Mr. Snyder, Tom Hogan's sister and finally Tom himself, and they've all been happy ever since. I might mention Nick Taylor out in Colorado as another, making five in all, and I'm quite sure that the tall blonde will soon be added to the list."

"Oh, my! is she engaged?" and she opened wide her eyes and looked him straight in the face.

"Yes; I think so. They are certainly very devoted to each other, and it will be a splendid match for both. Joe is a money-maker, and when they marry they'll settle right down here in one of his cottages. He has made money enough already, young as he is, to live comfortably all his

life without earning another dollar. And now look here, Advocate, if you will take up your residence down here, or at least spend the season with us, I'll guarantee and pay a forfeit in case of failure, that you'll have the right sort of a fellow at your feet in less than ninety days."

"Fred, it isn't for the lack of opportunity that I am still single."

"I know that well enough; but you are one of my many friends that I would like to see happily married and living down here with us."

She smiled rather coldly, and remarked that she wasn't contemplating such a step at all.

Then she asked him:

"When are you going to marry?"

"Not until I have passed my twenty-fifth birthday."

"And then?" she asked.

"Then I am open for engagements," he laughed.

"Indeed! I have it from the very best authority that you are already engaged."

"From good authority, you say?"

"Yes. Professor Brown has written to us that there is no doubt about it."

"All right. I'll interview the professor. The old chap has been trying to marry us all off down here just because he is happily married himself. But have you noticed him; what a change has come over him?"

"Yes, indeed," she laughed. "He has become very stout, and his face is tanned as though he had been at sea all his life."

"Yes; he lives all day long out of doors, in his shirt sleeves, and his trousers in his boot-legs. He's a typical farmer. Only one thing lacking in his make-up, and that is the patch on the bosom of his trousers."

She laughed heartily, and added:

"Well, he seems to be very happy."

"Why, he is as happy as a bird," said Fred.

During that short conversation with the Advocate, the rival boat crews were coming down the home stretch at a clipping pace. The long, slender shell boats seemed to be exactly abreast of each other.

On the docks above them they saw the men and women rise to their feet, trying to make out which one of them was ahead of the other.

"Well, that's the closest race I ever saw," said Fred. "Whichever wins will have nothing to brag about."

They dashed past the dock where Fred and the others were seated and went swiftly on down towards the finishing point.

The judges were on the stand eagerly watching to see which one should pass the stake first.

"Now look out for the spurt," sang out Fred; but there was such a roaring going on that only those in his immediate vicinity could hear him.

Suddenly they shot past the stake, and those behind were unable to say which was the winner.

The Yale colors were waved from the judges' stand as a signal that that color had won.

Then the Yale men went wild, and the Harvard men wouldn't believe it.

Messengers were sent running down to the judge's stand, nearly a mile below where Fearnot's party was, and it was soon known that Yale had beaten Harvard only about four feet.

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated Judge Fearnot. "That's the closest boat race I have any recollection of, and it was seen by at least fifty thousand people, too."

"Yes; all of that many," assented Professor Lambert. "I'm glad that our colors won, but I can't see that we have anything to brag on."

"Neither can I. It was the closest race, and certainly the most evenly matched pair of crews I ever saw."

Fred seized the Advocate's hand and pressed it to his lips. Then turning to Evelyn, went through the same performance with her.

"What's the matter with you, Fred?" Evelyn asked.

"Why, you two girls are wearing the Yale colors, and I'm congratulating you."

"Oh, indeed. It is all right, then."

"Well, you won," said one of the Harvard men when they all mingled, "but the honors are about evenly divided."

A number of the Yale men had cases of champagne smuggled on the docks, and pretty soon corks began to fly.

Harvard men, in the expectation of winning, did the same thing, and the rival alumni began shooting corks at each other.

A more hilarious, joyous party, and such a vast one, had never come together before in the State.

Way up at the bridge a great balloon shot up into the air, and went sailing down diagonally across the water, fully a thousand feet in the air.

Bands at different locations played, cannon fired, and the Yale men sang their college songs of triumph all along the shore.

The crowd didn't seem to be in a hurry to disperse; still they were moving about more or less. The college men, particularly on the docks, having comfortable seats, remained there to enjoy the conversation, the pleasant breeze, and to discuss the events of the day.

Of course thousands and thousands had to return to their homes, having come upon only for the day; hence a great concourse moved slowly in the direction of the railroad.

Some went to the upper station above the bridge, as it was much nearer for them to catch the trains there, whilst others went to the old station over back of the Wild West Show.

Fred Fearnot's big day was gradually coming to an end.

After awhile Judge Fearnot, accompanied by Professor Lambert, returned to his cottage, which was but a few hundred yards away.

The old classmates wanted to get out of the crowd and sit down and talk over old times.

Mrs. Lambert remained on the dock with Eunice and friends at least an hour later.

"Fred, this is the greatest scene I have ever witnessed in my life," she remarked; "never saw such a vast con-

course of people together before. I couldn't conceive it possible that you boys could have gotten such a vast crowd together."

"Well, it is even a greater success than I anticipated myself," he returned. "I'm sorry all the Avon boys were not here to see it, but we will set aside a special day for them some time in the near future."

Just then Professor Tracy came up behind Fred and gave him a vigorous slap on the shoulder, accompanied by the remark:

"Fred, I must congratulate you. You ought to be commissioned a general."

"Thank you, professor. I feel a good deal like congratulating myself. If an accident has happened during the day, I haven't heard of it. If any one is dissatisfied, that, too, is unknown to me. There hasn't been a hitch anywhere. Everything went off just as we planned it. But we worked hard for it."

"Of course you did, and you are well entitled to your laurels."

"Fred," Evelyn asked, "what has become of Lawyer Brooks?"

"Hanged if I know. He has caught on with some girl, and is about with the crowd somewhere. He doesn't care a snap for a boat race if he has got a pretty girl to talk to. He is neither a Harvard nor a Yale man, and he doesn't care which wins. He had just as soon drink the champagne of one side as that of the other. I presume he is willing to shout, no matter which wins."

"Well, what has become of Mr. Travis?"

"I haven't seen him, either."

"I don't know but I can tell you where you can find him."

"Where?" she asked.

"He is with Miss Trainor. Wherever you find her, you'll find him."

"Who is Mr. Travis?" the Advocate asked, looking at Evelyn.

"Why, he is a Yale graduate in the same class with Fred, who came up a few days ago, and the first evening after his arrival met a New York lady for the first time and proceeded to fall desperately in love with her, and she with him. He has been her shadow ever since."

"My! but that's interesting," said the Advocate.

"That shows that New Era is the home of Cupid," laughed Fred. "I dare say that a thousand matches were started here on the shores of this lake within the last five years."

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

That evening there were dances at all the hotels, and at many of the cottages.

The Widow Emmons' beautiful pavilion was crowded by her friends and admirers.

Tom Travis never showed up at the Fearnot cottage for supper that evening, and the boys wondered what had become of him.

Early after supper, Fred, Terry, Dick and Joe, with their girls, accompanied by the Advocate and Travis' sister and two cousins, all went in search of Tom.

It was not until ten o'clock in the evening that they found him.

He was at the Emmons pavilion, dancing with Miss Trainor, and making love at the same time.

Eunice was very anxious to see the couple together; when she saw them she watched them closely, and finally remarked to Evelyn:

"Yes; they are in love with each other. There is no doubt about that. You can see it in their eyes."

"Yes, a blind man can see it," laughed Evelyn; "and it really makes me happy to see them so."

During the evening Fred danced twice with the Advocate, as did Joe and Terry.

Then they all strolled about, went down to the yacht club house to see the merrymaking going on there.

There were row-boats on the water, filled with merry parties rowing and singing in the moonlight.

They visited several of the hotels, and everywhere they went they were royally welcomed.

The festivities were kept up nearly all night.

The next morning Fred was seated in the office of the New Era Company looking over the morning's mail.

While it wasn't as heavy as it was the week before, there were still many letters that required his attention.

An elderly gentleman quietly entered, and Fred heard Terry's voice saying:

"Good morning, Mr. Trainor."

He looked around and recognized the old New York Wall Street broker.

"Hello! You didn't sit up as late as the rest of us, I guess," was Fred's greeting.

"No; I retired about ten o'clock; but the girls were up till almost daylight, I guess. And say, Fearnot, I want to see you in private a few minutes, if you have the time to spare."

"Why, certainly; I'll take the time. Just come in here," and he entered his private office, followed by the old broker.

He closed the door behind them, and the two sat down at a desk.

"Look here, Fearnot, that Baltimore friend of yours has completely turned my eldest daughter's head. I never saw such an impetuous lover in my life. There's an old saying, you know, that love laughs at locksmiths. I want you to tell me frankly what you know of him, and whether or not it is necessary for me to turn the key on my girl or not."

"It's not the least bit necessary," said Fred, "for Tom Travis is all right. I'll stake my reputation on him. He comes of a fine family; none better in Baltimore. He is a Yale graduate, has an ample fortune, and if he has any bad traits I've never been able to get onto them. I wouldn't object to him as a brother-in-law myself, if I had a sister for him to take a fancy to. He's an impetuous sort of a

fellow, though; just the sort of a man that when he falls in love with a girl, will fight the whole world to win her."

"That's all right, then. My mind is greatly relieved," said the old gentleman. "All I'm concerned about is that I don't want one of my girls to be won by an oily-tongued adventurer."

"Well, I repeat it that Tom is all right. He has an oily tongue, for he is a smooth talker; but you can count on him as being a square man from every point of the compass. Has he proposed yet?"

"That I don't know. My wife talked with our daughter about his attentions, and, of course, she promptly pronounced him 'a perfect gentleman.'"

"That settles it," Fred laughed. "I never saw a perfect man in my life, and don't believe that one ever existed. I don't like a man that is too good, and don't believe that the girls do; but Tom is far above the average, and the girl that gets him will never regret the bargain."

The old broker went away fully satisfied.

On that day the crowd at New Era was only about half the size of the one the day before.

There were all sorts of amusement going on; balloon ascensions, horse and chariot races; performances at the Wild West Show, and the circus; thus leaving the boys very little to do; yet they superintended the placing of all the cannon on board the yachts for the next day.

When Fred got an opportunity to have a few minutes' talk with Evelyn, he told her of the visit of the old broker Trainor.

"Oh, my, Fred! did you ever hear of such a rapid courtship?" she asked.

"Pretty rapid," he remarked. "But Tom is a very impetuous fellow."

Again there were balls along the lake front that evening, and parties of young people went from one place to the other to see the gay crowd, hear the music, and participate in the dancing.

The members of the college crews were very popular with the ladies, and never lacked for partners.

The next morning excursion trains, loaded down to the limit with excursionists, began pouring in as they did on the day of the boat race.

The naval battle was about to take place, and everybody wanted to see it.

Long before the manœuvres were to begin, Amalie marshalled her crew, all the pretty girls in uniform.

The yachts took positions out on the lake; whilst the opposing fleet anchored two or three miles above them.

A vast crowd gathered on both shores to witness the coming battle. Thousands of men gathered down at the other end to see the crew of beautiful Amazons. They were continually cheering the girls, who, of course, playfully waved handkerchiefs at them.

Finally the signal gun was fired and the two fleets approached, and the cannons began belching smoke.

There was breeze enough to blow the smoke away, so the girls were greatly relieved. There was a deal of manœuvring, but the cannon firing continued.

Amalie and her flag ship, as her yacht was called, cut out one of the enemy's flag ships, and made him pull down his colors.

Of course it was arranged, but the cheering exceeded, if possible, that on the day of the boat race.

Margie and Mrs. Emmons dashed right into the midst of the battle, and the roar of the cannon told that they were fighting like Schley at Santiago.

Then, too, the girls were shooting with guns with blank cartridges.

The girls cheered shrilly, and so did their opponents.

The fight lasted two hours, and didn't end till the last of the enemy's ships had pulled down his colors.

Then a laughable scene followed. Nearly every girl on board had her face and hands more or less blackened with powder smoke. There were no mirrors on board, and they had to take each other's word as to how they looked.

Some of the girls tried to wipe off the stains, and only made them worse. Even the commodore's face and hands were blackened. Evelyn's nose and one cheek were badly stained, and so on throughout the fleet; but they cheered like the college boys.

When they left the yachts to hurry to the cottages to wash off the powder stains, a crowd of thousands of men cheered them and laughed at them.

They could not wipe off the powder stains, so they laughed and ran the gauntlet.

"Well, well, well," laughed Professor Lambert, "I would rather have seen that battle than the boat race. It was well managed, as well as splendidly arranged. Not an accident happened, and I must say that the Amazons fought very bravely."

The girls spent the greater part of the afternoon getting rid of the powder stains, and changing their uniforms.

They were so enthusiastic over the event that they all agreed to have another battle next season.

In the evening they banquetted the prisoners captured in the fight, at Hall's Hotel, and many of the prisoners made funny speeches, all praising the daring and skill of the Amazons.

One ugly old fellow declared that his ship was boarded

by the Amazons and every sailor was caught around the neck and kissed till he laid down his arms. Others told of individual adventures.

One told how a little Amazon caught him by the ear; held him at arm's length, and asked him if he surrendered. He declared that he pretended to be badly wounded, and that the wounds were healed by a kiss.

Another one told how he was captured, but for the life of him he couldn't tell at the time whether it was by an African or a Caucassian Amazon. Her face was as black as ink.

They had a lot of fun with the girls, but they stood it bravely.

The festivities continued until a late hour, but the next day being Sunday, New Era was very quiet. The great crowd had dispersed, and only those remained who had quarters at the hotels, or cottages, or at boarding houses.

Many old college men remained over, who spent the day calling on each other and talking over old times; but everywhere could be heard praises of the New Era Company, and how successfully they had managed the affair and entertained the vast crowd.

Professor and Mrs. Lambert, at the earnest solicitation of Margie and Evelyn, consented for the Advocate to stay with them for a month.

Miss Travis and her two cousins had to remain, as, try hard as they would, they couldn't get Tom away.

A week after the boat race Tom's engagement to Miss Trainor was announced.

His sister and cousins were willing to remain, for they were having a good time.

Judge Fearnot and Mr. Olcott had to return to their homes, but left their families behind them for the balance of the season.

Of course the boys and girls were happy to have things that way, and the merrymaking went on continuously, and through it all there was an ever flowing current of love-making.

Thus ended Fearnot's big day, and Harvard and Yale at New Era.

THE END.

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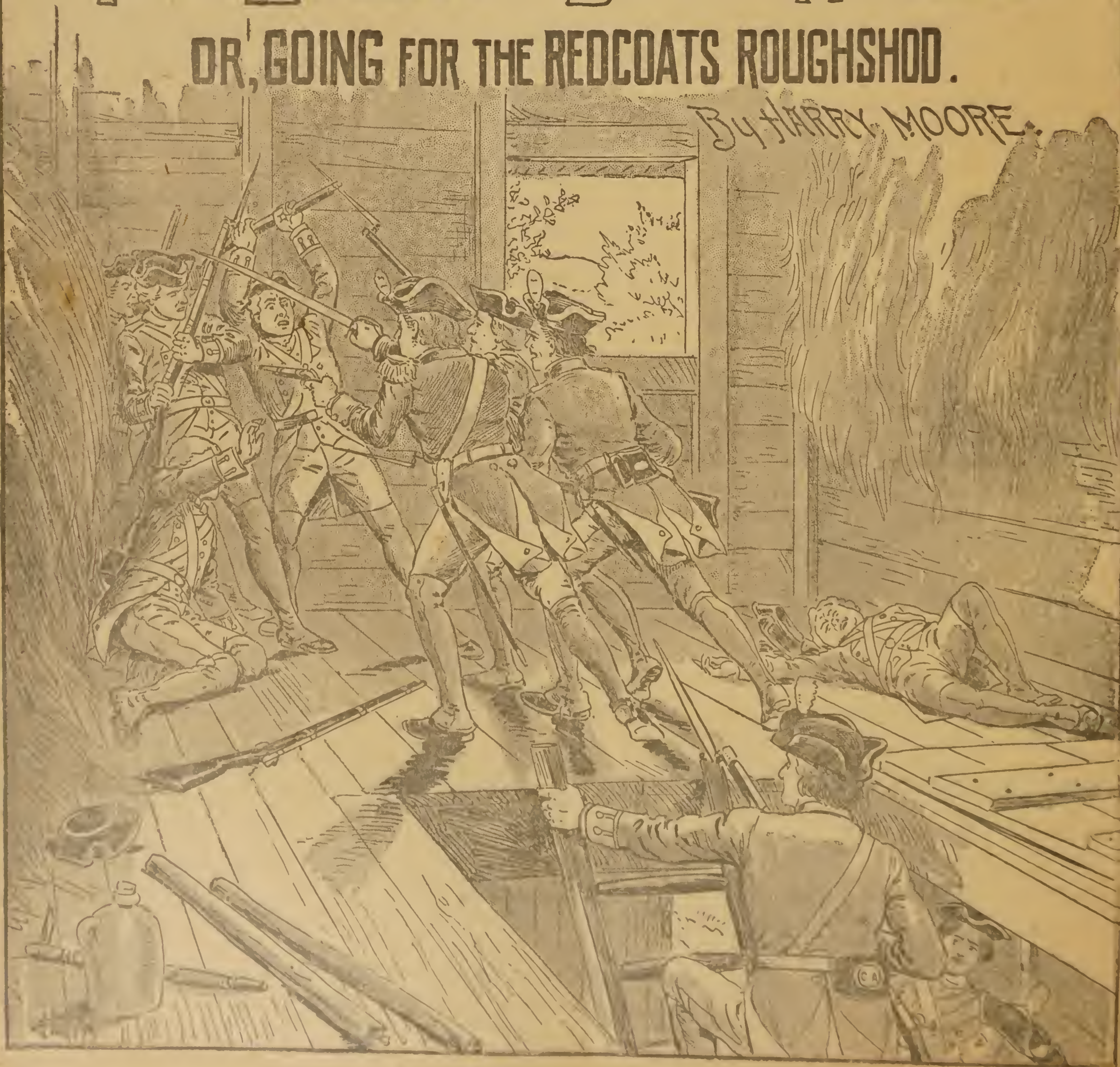
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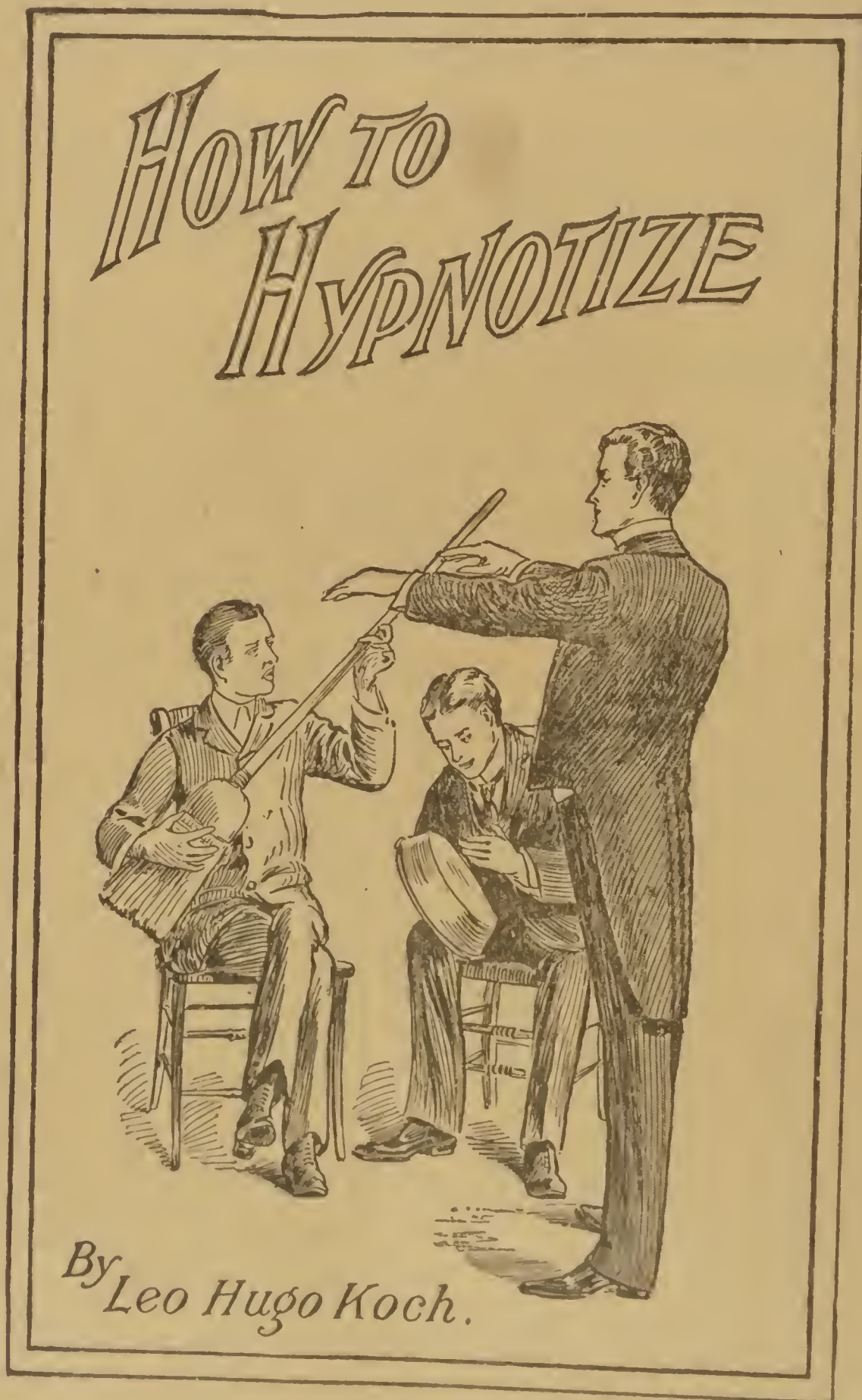
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